

WEATHER FORECAST:

Tomorrow: Fair.

THE EVENING NEWS.

TEMPERATURE TODAY:

At 3 p. m., 80 degrees.

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

VOLUME 3

ADA, INDIAN TERRITORY, FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 25, 1906

NUMBER 55

HOT WEATHER REQUISITES

Two Piece Suits

HAWES
SAILORS

\$2.00
2.50
3.00



GENUINE
PANAMAS

\$5.00
6.50
7.50

Edwin Clapp Low Cuts, \$5.00 and \$5.50

"Our Own Make" Low Cuts, \$3.50 and \$4.00

And Other Styles Down to \$1.50

We Would Like to Show You

Scott-Hoard Co

TRYING TO PATCH UP FIVE TRIBES BILL

Washington, May 25.—Senator Clapp has introduced a bill to supply an omission in the five tribes bill that would, if reported, inflict serious injury upon a num-

ber of Indians entitled to allotments. In the five tribes bill it was noted if the Secretary of the Interior should not consider the application of anyone for enrollment who has not established by documentary evidence his citizenship status, and whose name is not on the roll prepared by the Dawes Commission.

It transpires that the Dawes Commission has made a number of errors in the making of the rolls, so that, under the five tribes act, those who suffered

rect the enrollment of any person who, at the time of his enrollment had a tribal status as a member of either of the Five Civilized Tribes in Indian Territory, as shown by the governmental records, and who, by mistake or error, was by the Commission to the Five Civilized Tribes deprived of such status.

Bloomer Tea. Benefit Cemetery Association. At Mrs. Chaney's Saturday afternoon 3 to 6. Only 10 cents.

A CHANCE AFTER ALL FOR NEW COURT TOWNS

Washington, May 25.—There is a bare probability that after all four court towns will be created in Indian Territory by the Indian appropriation bill. The conferees who have had the bill under consideration more than two weeks, and who will probably make a report today, have once concluded to strike out all reference to this matter. They yielded to this temptation because of their inability to compromise the rivalries of the eleven towns that were striving to be made court towns.

But since then some one has raised the question whether the conference committee may eliminate from the bill the names of those towns upon which both houses agreed when the bill passed through them. That question has not been definitely answered.

If it should be answered negatively, then Wilburton, Bartlesville, Duncan and Tulsa will get courts by virtue of the Indian appropriation bill, for amendments including these were agreed to by both houses.

AGREEMENT ON INDIAN APPROPRIATION BILL

Washington, May 25.—Complete agreement has been reached by the conferees on the Indian appropriation bill on all points of dispute between the Senate and House and the report was signed yesterday.

A compromise provision relating to the coal lands of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations was adopted by the conferees as follows:

That the Secretary of the Interior is hereby authorized and directed to make practical and exhaustive investigation of the character and extent and value of the coal deposits in and under the segregated coal lands of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations, Indian Territory, and the expense thereof, not to exceed the sum of \$50,000, shall be paid out of the funds of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations in the treasury of the United States provided that any and all information obtained under the provisions of this act shall be available at all times for the use of congress and its committees.

Murder and Mob Law Discovered.

Oklahoma City, Ok., May 25.—It has been learned here that a double murder to cover robbery, followed by lynching, has occurred in the mountains in the Chickasaw nation. The affair occurred two weeks ago. The participants in the tragedy were mountaineers who agreed among themselves to keep the affair secret.

Two weeks ago an unknown man went to the home of R. T. Tutt, who lives near the base of one mountain and demanded food. He was refused by Mrs. Tutt who found it necessary to enforce her refusal by the display of a gun. A few days later, a nearby farm house, occupied by two maiden women, was broken into. The sisters were shot in their endeavor to protect themselves and robbed of \$700 in cash. Neighbors discovered the deed and a posse was organized. The murderer was trailed to the woods and upon his discovery was shot down in cold blood.



ADA COTTON COMPRESS

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES FORMALLY AMALGAMATED

Decatur, Ill., May 25.—Yesterday was the memorable day of the assembly. In the Presbyterian world it will go into history.

"The joint report of two committees on reunion and union and the recitals and resolutions there-

in contained and recommended for adoption having been adopted by the general assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America and the gener-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE)

EDWIN CLAPP SHOES

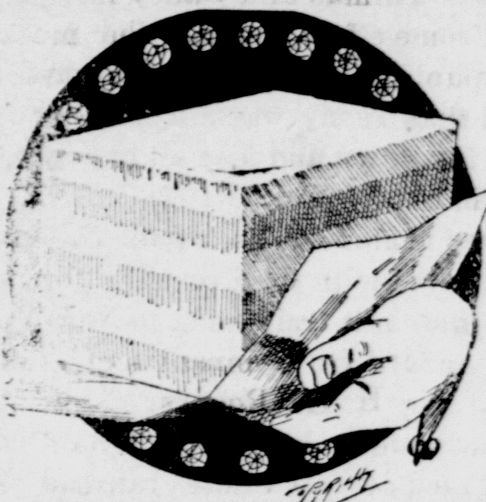
In the new shapes, Patent Oxfords and Shoes sold for \$6.00 and \$6.50, reduced to.....\$4 95

Vici and Tan Oxfords and Shoes. the new shapes, sold for \$5.00, reducee to.....\$4 20

All the Ladies' Oxfords, Patent, Vici, Tans and White Canvas go at reduced prices.

Have you seen the Burrow Jap Patent Men's Oxfords. They are warranted not to break. Sold for.....4 00 Call soon while the prices are low.

I. HARRIS.



Many Flavors to One Brick or Each Flavor Separate

Ice Cream

by the piece or quantity. Pure and delicious in either case. Cooling and nourishing. The richest country cream and finest flavors are used in the production of our Ice Cream, and the greatest care is taken to have it and our Water Ices the best in the city.

Crystal Ice Cream Co.

PAUL W. ALLEN,

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.

Horses Boarded by Day or Week. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Best of Service.

Allen Livery Barn

South Townsend Ave.,

Phone 64.



As Fragrant as Flowers

but more lasting and far less expensive. It's wonderful what exquisite odors can be extracted from nature.

A Dainty Bottle of Perfume

is always necessary in the boudoir. We sell perfumes of standard make. A delicate perfume of lasting odor is worth a dozen other that are inferior. You're safe when you buy of us.

G. M. RAMSEY, Druggist.
(Successor to Clark Drug Co.)

OTIS B. WEAVER

Continues in the Real Estate Business

And will give careful and energetic attention to all business entrusted. He has some rare bargains in Ada real estate. Manager for beautiful Sunrise Addition. Office headquarters for prospectors

Weaver Building, :: 12th and Broadway.

Patronize Home Industry

By Buying Ice From

Ada Ice and Fuel Co.

Keep Your Money at Home.

We Handle the Best Grades of Coal.

Phone 249.

Office at Ice Plant.

OVERDRAFTS

It is becoming well known by business men that overdrafts, whether large or small, are not approved by the comptroller of the currency. The large central banks allow overdrafts only in a very small way, and this, it matters not how small, is not approved by the powers that be. This unbusinesslike habit of overdrafts grew out of advancing on moving products, such as cotton, grain and fat stock on the move. The overdraft system is wrong and the man whose account is always overdrawn is the man who spends more money than he makes and will finally have no bank account.

Ada National Bank.

Capital and Surplus, \$83,500.

Ada, Ind. Ter

ADA EVENING NEWS.

OFFICIAL CITY PAPER.

OTIS B. WEAVER . . . PUBLISHER
M. D. STEINER, . . . BUSINESS-MANAGER

Entered as Second class matter March 26, 1904, at the Postoffice at Ada, Indian Territory, under the Act of Congress March 3, 1869.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

THE CAUSE OF ROOSEVELT'S RETREAT.

Touching the President's recent sensational summersault on the rate bill, followed by the humiliating exposure of his action at the hands of Senators Bailey, Tillman and Chandler, special correspondence from Washington makes a rather startling revelation. The correspondent boldly describes the President's motive as follows:

"We all know that not long ago the President came out in a brave message to the Congress and proceeded to cuss out the Standard Oil Company in the most approved fashion. He did not care so much about hurting the Standard Oil Company as to show up the iniquity of the rebate system which has been the basis of the Rockefeller millions, and which have been handed him by the railroads. He thought by this play to help along his railroad rate bill and help get the very amendment that he and Tillman and Bailey had agreed on. There is no doubt that it had some effect and that the message would have helped to get some Republican votes that were wavering, but just then something happened that Teddy was not looking for. His bluff was called and he had to lay down and lose all in sight, or else not only that but everything in his pockets.

"That night two men came over from New York and called at the White House. They were closeted with the President for several hours and then they took the midnight train back to New York. Those two men were two of the Standard Oil Company's chief magnets. Mr. John D. Archbold and Mr. H. H. Rogers. They told Teddy in no equivocal language that unless he called a halt right then and there and took the back track on this whole railroad rate business and saw things as the Senators who had been fighting for the unlimited court review, that he would open up on him and tell the whole story to the country concerning the campaign contribution to the Republican campaign fund made by the Standard Oil Company in the last campaign. That they would tell that he knew when it was given and why and how much it was before it ever reached the hands of Mr. Cortelyou, thus proving that Alton B. Parker told the truth and that 'Teddy told a lie in the last campaign. That's what made him shiver and turn traitor to the people."

The elusive Wickliffe outlaws are still eluding. The posses continue hotly to pursue and have them all but corralled. Interest is sustained by showers of yellow dispatches. It's a bonanza for the saffron press.

NICE ASPARAGUS DISHES.

This Delicate Vegetable May Be Used for Soup and Salad, Creamed and with Eggs.

The Ladies' World has an interesting article by Mary Foster Snider giving direction on how to cook asparagus in different ways and make savory dishes. Attention is called to the fact that difficulty is often experienced in properly cooking this vegetable. It is suggested by this writer that if the stalks are cut into equal length and then stood upright in the sauce pan after being immersed in water to two-thirds of the way to the tips so that the latter is cooked by the steam only, there is less danger of over cooking the tips while the butts are not underdone. A half hour cooking is said to be enough by this method, unless the butts are unusually tough. Of course the coarse butts should always be removed.

Asparagus Soup.—Wash a large bunch of asparagus, cut off the tips, cover the stalks with cold water, and boil five minutes, then drain. Then cover with three pints of soup stock and add a third of the reserved tips. Cook until the asparagus is soft enough to press through a sieve or colander, and leave only the fiber behind; then return the soup and pulp to the fire, season to taste and bring it to a boil; drop in the remainder of the tips, which have been cooked gently in another saucepan until tender. Heat one cupful of cream or rich milk in another boiler, and thicken with two level tablespoonfuls each of flour and butter rubbed smoothly together; add to the soup and let boil a few minutes longer, then serve at once with croutons.

Cream of Asparagus Soup.—Cook one bunch of asparagus in one quart of water with a sprig of onions. When the asparagus is tender, rub all through a sieve, mashing and rubbing through all but the fiber. Return the pulp and soup to the fire, season with salt, white pepper and celery salt, and add one pint of milk. Let it come to a boil, thicken with one level tablespoonful each of flour and butter rubbed smoothly together, and simmer ten minutes longer.

Escalloped Asparagus.—Boil asparagus until tender, then drain, and place a layer in a buttered baking dish which has been well sprinkled with bread-crumbs. Sprinkle the asparagus with chopped hard-boiled eggs, pepper, salt and grated cheese, and proceed in this way until a pan is full, having the top layer of asparagus. Pour over it a cupful of thin white sauce, sprinkle with buttered crumbs, and brown delicately in a hot oven.

Asparagus in Baskets.—Make good baking powder biscuits, hollow them out, and fill with creamed asparagus. Serve very hot with cream sauce.

passed in a sauce boat.

Asparagus with Eggs.—Boil asparagus until tender, then place in a buttered baking-dish; season delicately with salt, pepper, and a pinch of nutmeg. Beat the yolks of four eggs until light, add two tablespoonfuls of cream, two level teaspoonfuls of butter, a little more seasoning, and the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth. Pour over the asparagus, set in a hot oven, and bake until the eggs are set.

Asparagus Salad.—Ice cooked asparagus tips and mix them lightly with finely-minced young onion. Serve ice-cold in little nests of tender lettuce leaves with a little French dressing poured over. A cream mayonnaise is also a delightful accompaniment, and especially if the iced asparagus tips are mixed with an equal amount of iced green peas.

Chicken Asparagus Cakes.—Mash one cupful of cold cooked asparagus with one cupful of hot mashed potatoes, add one-half cupful of fine dry bread-crumbs, salt and pepper to taste, and two well-beaten eggs. Form into little boxes or baskets, brush with soft butter, sprinkle well with fine bread-crumbs, and set in a hot oven until heated through. Fill with diced creamed chicken or veal, which has been kept hot on the top of the stove, and serve at once. Careful handling is necessary with these pretty and delicious little cakes.—Prairie Farmer.

COOKING APRICOTS.

A New Dish Accidentally Evolved Which Proved Very Pleasing and Also Economical.

A cook the other day accidentally evolved a new dish. In stewing apricots, she found that she had more juice—which was really a thick sirup, so much sugar had been used—than she wished to send to the table with the fruit. She therefore soaked a little gelatine, and poured over it the hot apricot juice, to which she had added a very little—half a teaspoonful—bitter almond extract. When the gelatine was thoroughly dissolved and mixed with the juice, she poured the mixture in a mold, using for the purpose one of the cake tins that have fluted sides and a hole in the middle. The next day she carefully removed the jelly to a rich dark-blue platter, where it looked very pretty with its orange coloring. The hole in the center was filled with whipped cream, and a dessert sent to the family that cost almost nothing of either money or labor. Of course a ring mold could be used to even better advantage.

A very good shortcake is made from the best quality of canned apricots. Drain the juice away from the fruit, and cut it in small pieces. Set in a warm place, and proceed to mix the cake. This calls for one cupful of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, and half a teaspoonful of salt sifted together. Into this work four tablespoonfuls of butter, add three-fourths of a cupful of milk, and stir into a light dough. Roll in a floured bowl, and when one-fourth of an inch thick cut into generous squares. Brush the squares with melted butter, lay one on top of the other, and bake in a hot oven. When done, separate the pieces, spread the fruit between the layers and on top, and pile whipped cream over all. A sweet sauce which may be served with the shortcake is made by adding to a cupful of the fruit juice one tablespoonful of cornstarch wet in a little water and boiled for a few minutes. A tablespoonful of butter is melted into the sauce and a tablespoonful of lemon juice is added just before serving.—N. Y. Post.

EASILY GROWN VINES.

Boston Ivy and Virginia Creeper Two Stand-Bys—Some Beautiful Blossoming Vines.

Not alone may the veranda be beautified with vines. The wall of a brick or stone house may be given a living coat of green, which will be a joy to the lovers of nature. The Boston ivy and the Virginia creeper, two vines known through America, cling to walls without support, and so are especially useful for this purpose. The former is not as hardy as the latter, but in the middle and southern latitudes it succeeds well and forms a beautiful mass against a wall. The Virginia creeper is perfectly hardy. It will hide ugly stone fences, outbuildings and dead trees, transforming them into things of beauty.

The rapid growing Virgin's Bower is an excellent vine for a veranda, giving a dense shade. It presents a snowy bank of star-shaped white flowers of delightful fragrance, which last for several weeks. A companion variety, Clematis coccinea, has rose-colored flowers, which resemble half-

closed rose beds from a distance. The wistaria is a good vine for a trellis, but is somewhat coarse for most verandas, being better suited for the rustic house or pergola, where its delightful purple flowers hang in graceful profusion. The Crimson Rambler rose vine is perhaps one of the surest, hardiest and most satisfactory of vines, admirably suited for the veranda or almost any other place. It grows rapidly and blooms in great abundance. Bitter sweet is an excellent vine of rich foliage, which becomes highly colored in the autumn and is often followed by a mass of scarlet fruit, which hangs for a long time.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Peppers Stuffed with Cold Ham. Use six large green peppers. Scrape out clean and fill them with a mixture of one cup of minced ham, one cup of breadcrumbs and one tablespoonful of butter. Put into a baking dish with a half pint of strained tomatoes seasoned with salt and pepper and a tablespoonful of sugar. Bake for three quarters of an hour.

Rolls Sponge Cake.

Beat the yolks of three eggs with one cup sugar and two tablespoonfuls sweet milk. Beat the whites stiff and thoroughly mix with the yolks and sugar. Sift one cup flour with one heaping teaspoon baking powder and add to the other ingredients. Flavor to taste. Put in an oblong pan and bake at once in a moderate oven. Bake it light, to avoid cracking in rolling. While hot remove from the pan, lay on a towel wet in cold water and spread with currant jelly. Roll at once and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Luncheon Rolls.

Make a good biscuit dough and roll it rather thinner than for biscuit. Cut into pieces about three inches square. Wet the edges with cold water and in the center of each square put a heaping tablespoonful of cooked meat, well seasoned and chopped fine. Fold the opposite corners together, pinching the edges so that they will not come apart in baking and bake for about 15 minutes in a hot oven.

IF YOU ARE THE INDIVIDUAL

Who never got a bargain at a Special Sale, come to this store and price any one of the three items we are driving for these few days only.

HATS, PANTS AND SHOES

We want your business by virtue of merit. Satisfaction to the fullest.

T.J. CHAMBLESS



TIME CARD.
Ada, Ind. Ter.



TIME OF TRAINS
ADA, I. T.
THE RIGHT TRAINS
BETWEEN

EAST BOUND TRAINS
No. 510 Meteor, 4:48 p. m.
No. 512 Eastern Exp. 9:45 a. m.
No. 542 Local Freight, 5:45 p. m.
WEST BOUND TRAINS
No. 509 Meteor 8:58 a. m.
No. 511 Texas Pass 7:15 p. m.
No. 541 Local Freight 7:45 a. m.
Local freight trains carry passengers provided with permits. Ten per cent saved on the purchase of round trip tickets.
I. McNair, Agent.

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Hannibal,
Kansas City,
Junction City,
Oklahoma City,
In the North,
and all points beyond.
Houston,
Dallas,
Fort Worth,
San Antonio,
Galveston,
in Texas.
NORTH BOUND.
No. 112 Express, daily, 3:55 p. m.
No. 564 Local, except Sunday, 12:15 a. m.
SOUTH BOUND.
No. 111 Express, daily, 11:10 a. m.
No. 563 Local, except Sunday, 1:55 p. m.

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Kidney... Medicine

Cures Quickly and Permanently

Accept no substitute. Insist on having the
genuine PRICKLY ASH BITTERS with the
large figure 3 in red on the front label

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LOCAL NEWS

Phone in your news.

Try the News for job work.

See P. K. Smith for up-to-now photo work. 152-tf

D.E. Price is spending a couple of days in the country.

Uptodate suits made to order at Chitwood's. tf 35

Mrs. McKendree, who has been ill for the past week, is better.

Cleaning and repairing. See Chitwood the Tailor. tf 35

Mary Price is spending a few days with friends in Tyrola.

Dr. Bisant, dentist, over Ada National Bank. tf 279

George Brumley of Sulphur Springs, Texas, is here today.

Furnished south room for rent, close in. Mrs. R. F. King, West Twelfth street. 51-tf

W. A. Alexander went to Coal-gate today.

L. H. Woodard's little daughter is better today.

Marshal Brents is at home sick today.

Miss Ella Warren is reported as being on the sick list today.

Miss Eula Clare Sims is better today.

J. W. Bohannon of Midland was here today.

Make your wants known to Duffal & Dodson, Groceries and Feed. Phone 92. tf 312

Mrs. W. H. Fisher, who has been ill for the past three days, is better today.

Wedding announcements—the uptodate kind—at the News office. tf

Attorney Holt returned this morning from an out of town trip.

Help the Cemetery Association by attending the Bloomer Tea Saturday afternoon 3-6. 10 cents. It

Attorney J. P. Crawford is confined to his home by illness brought on by over work.

Frank Jones, cashier at the Ada National, is at Stonewall today.

Dr. B. H. Erb, dentist, Henley & Biles building. Phone No. 1. 233-tf

Charley Barnard and sister, Mabel, of Holdenville, are guests of Miss Cora Barnard.

Remember, you will be expected at the Bloomer Tea. There'll be good things to eat. 1t

Mrs. P. A. Norris expects to leave soon for Hot Springs, Ark., in the hope of recuperating.

If you don't know what a Bloomer Tea is go to Mrs. Chaney's on Saturday and see. 1t

Mrs. Atwood of Newberry, I. T., and Mrs. Lula B. Hutchinson of Allen are guests of Mrs. M. B. Donaghey.

Ben Balderson, operator at the Katy station, has a leave of absence and will spend it with his people in Beatrice, Nebraska.

Mrs. J. F. McKeel has taken her baby to Ft. Worth for treatment. It has been very ill for some time.

Clyde Meaders will leave tomorrow for Sulphur Springs, Texas, to spend a few days with relatives.

Judge Winn, during the three days he held court at Sulphur disposed of 81 criminal cases and 10 civil cases.

W. D. Hays, deputy cashier of the Citizens National Bank, and R. W. Simpson, of the Surprise Store, are in the country today.

Do You Need Shoes?

If you want a pair of Shoes that combine style, elegance and individuality with the best leather and excellent workmanship, why not try ours? You will be satisfied with your selection. The latest correct styles for men, women and children

CHAPMAN
The Shoe Man.

The Ladies of the Maccabees have been called to meet with Mrs. Bob Brents Saturday afternoon at 2:30.

I have strawberry plants of a choice variety for sale now at 40c per 100, \$3.00 per \$1,000. Orders to receive attention must be placed before the 29th inst. 2t 55
A. D. Swank.

Judge Winn will hold court at Stonewall Monday. He and his family will then spend the rest of the week on his ranch, near there. The Judge likes to get away from court for awhile and revel in the joys of rural life.

A good sized crowd attended the carnival last night and quite a snug sum was netted for the band boys and members of the fire department. The shows are clean and everyone who goes seems to have a good time.

Notice!

The Woodmen Circle will meet Friday afternoon at two o'clock for the purpose of paying dues and transacting other business. 53-2t The Guardian and Clerk.

Marriage Licenses.

John Bolin, aged 54, to Nora Trimble, aged 24, both of Bebee. John Ingram, 24, Laura Luther, 16, both of Ada. S. P. Griffin, 48, Clara Kittrell, both of Chism.

Notice.

There will be a meeting of the Lady Macabees Saturday evening at 2:30. Every member earnestly requested to be present as we have business of importance. 1t
Maud Brents, L. C.

Taken to Texas.

Luther Jeffries was arrested yesterday at Francis by Marshal Brents. He was wanted at Bonham, Texas, for stealing a horse three years ago. An officer from Bonham came here and got him last night.

A Large Attendance.

The largest crowd of the week was out last night on the midway and judging from all appearances the young people enjoyed themselves very highly throwing confetti and riding the carousel.

The shows were all well patronized and the management is to be congratulated on having a bunch of shows that are moral and strictly uptodate in every respect. The free contortion act is a feature of the carnival and one must see it to appreciate the good work of the performer.

Everyone who attended the carnival last night returned home well satisfied, and expressions of praise for Manager Younger and his company were heard on all sides and no doubt a much larger crowd will be in attendance tonight.

We can cheerfully say the shows are as clean and moral as any show which has visited our city. 1t

A Mountain of Gold

could not bring as much happiness to Mrs. Lucia Wilke, of Caroline, Wis., as did one 25c box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, when it completely cured a running sore on her leg which had tortured her 23 long years. Greatest antiseptic healer of piles, wounds and sores. 25c at G. M. Ramsey's and Dr. F. Z. Holley's drug store.

Prickly Ash Bitters cures the kidneys, regulates the liver, tones up the stomach and purifies the bowels.

Deaths From Appendicitis

decrease in the same ratio that the use of Dr. King's New Life Pills increases. They save you from danger and bring quick and painless release from constipation and the ill growing out of it. Strength and vigor always follow their use. Guaranteed by G. M. Ramsey and Dr. F. Z. Holley, druggists. 25c. Try them.

M. K. T. Special

Round trip rates From Ada I. T.:
St. Paul, Minn., May 28 to 31, \$26.85.
San Francisco, Cal., June 25 to July 7, \$52.
Mexico City, Mexico, June 25 to July 7, \$40.
Chattanooga, Tenn., May 10 to 15, \$24.85.
Portland, Ore., June 18 to 22, \$47.55.
Springfield, Ill., May 31 to June 1 and 2, \$21.00.
Omaha, Neb., July 10 to 13, \$17.10.
Denver, Col., July 10 to 15, \$23.70.

C. F. Orchard,
Agent.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES FORMALLY AMALGAMATED

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

al assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church and official notice of such adoption having been received by each of the said general assemblies from the other, I solemnly declare and here publicly announce that the basis of reunion and union is now in full force and effect and that the Cumberland Presbyterian Church is now reunited with the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America as one church and that the official records of the two churches during the period of separation shall be preserved and held as making up the history of the one church."

Such was the formal announcement of the moderator of the assembly making the two churches one.

Double Tragedy at Shawnee.

Shawnee, Ok., May 25.—The dead bodies of James Reed, grocer, and Miss Ollie Jones of Tecumseh were found yesterday three miles south of this city. Their horse and buggy was standing near by hitched to a pole. Reed was aged 48 and the girl was 18. Two shots fired into her head instantly killed her. Reed also received two shots in his head, dying immediately.

Announcer of Cyclones.

Guthrie, Ok., May 25.—The town council of Ringwood, where a city cyclone cellar was constructed, has appointed an official crier, who must arouse the townspeople in case of an approaching windstorm and summon all to the cellar.

Shot and Fatally Wounded.

Muskogee, I. T., May 25.—Jill Barker, a young man living about six miles east of this city, was shot and fatally wounded by another young man as they were going home from Muskogee Wednesday. His assailant jumped out of the wagon and succeeded in making his escape on foot.

Received Their Friends.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Donaghey received a number of their friends last night at their lovely home in the suburbs. The porch and lawn were beautifully lighted with electric lights and presented an attractive appearance. Small tables, each containing a superb bouquet of roses, were placed on the lawn and refreshments consisting of ice cream garnished with strawberries, and cake were served the guests. Mrs. Atwood of Newberry and Mrs. Lula B. Hutchinson of Allen and Misses Freasey of Roff were out of town guests.

Subscribe for the News.



Travel Right

When you have occasion to travel, use the same discrimination in buying a ticket that you would in buying anything else. Assure yourself in advance of what you may expect in the way of comfort and convenience en route.

The Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad

with through trains (over its own rails) from St. Louis and Kansas City in the north, to San Antonio and Galveston in the south, offers a ready solution to the vexed question—"How to go?"

If there is any information you would like about a prospective trip, write me. I'll gladly give you the information and if possible have my representative call on you and personally assist you in every way. Think of my offer when you next have occasion to travel. Address.

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WANTS

FOR RENT:—Two three room houses on W. 14th street. Mrs. Julia Fleming. 3t 54

FOR RENT:—Furnished room. Mrs. Worthington, W. 14th St. 3t 54

FOR RENT:—Good four room house, well, barn, stormhouse, etc. A. K. Thornton, care of W. M. Freeman & Co. 40-tf

Cheap Rates to Denver.

FRISCO Will sell daily until May 31st round trip tickets to the above point at greatly reduced rates.

Tickets limited to May 31st, except tickets sold during month of May to be limited thirty days. For full information see Frisco agent or address

I. McNair, Agent, Ada, I. T.
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Oklahoma City, Okla.
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Milk pans, 2 qt., 14c; 3 qt., 15c; 4 qt., 20c.
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Coffee Pots, 1 qt., 25c; 2 qt., 35c; 3 qt., 40c.
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Wash Tubs, galvanized iron, No. 1, 50c. No. 2, 60c.
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Tin Cups, 1 pt. and 1 pt., 2 for 5c; 1 qt. and 2 qt., 5c.
Graduated Measures, 1 qt., 5c; 2 qt., 10c.
Retinned Dish Pans, 14 qt., 25c.
Coffee Pots, 1 qt. and 2 qt., 10c.
Crank Flour Sifters, 10c.
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Milk Pans, Pudding Pans, Sauce Pans, Stew Kettles, etc., so many different sizes and kinds we will not undertake to describe them. Anything you need in useful Household and Kitchen Utensils.

Bambo Fishing Poles, 10c each, Fish Hooks and Lines to numerous to mention, but we sell them right.

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New location on Main street third door west of Rollow's corner.

Phone 77.

When Captain Jack Came Home

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

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Next to the church stood the schoolhouse. Elizabeth sat near me on one of its wooden benches. Sometimes we studied from the same dog-eared spelling book. She was all pink and white, like Mayflowers under the pine needles in spring. Her brown hair curled thick about her shoulders, and her eyes were dark like the sea in a storm. I wasn't ten years old when I fell in love with Elizabeth. My head is white now, but I love her memory still.

Besides keeping the village store, my father made fish lines and sold them at different places along Cape Cod, where, naturally, they were in demand. One day a lot of new scoop bonnets were spread out for sale in our store window, and that same day Capt. Jack Rolfe came home from sea.

Perhaps you don't see the connection between the bonnets and the captain. But my father saw it, when all the marriageable girls in town came hurrying to our store for the latest fashion in scoops.

It was of a Friday, I remember, and the rush for the bonnets continued till the last one was sold. My sister, Lucinda, had the first choice. She took a black and white straw, and loaded it with flowers and ribbons till it looked like nothing earthly.

"When he was last in Manomet," said she, "Jack Rolfe used to see me home regularly from singing school; and when he went away he promised to bring me a present from Greenland."

About noon the door of our store opened again, and a new customer fluttered in. It was Elizabeth, panting hard, and grasping a silver piece in her hand. Father was at dinner, so he sent me behind the counter to serve. Elizabeth and I were of the same age—16—but her shining head stood an inch or two higher than mine.

"Joey," she said, breathlessly, "I want to buy one of the new bonnets." "They're all gone," I answered. "Mother sold the last before the clock struck 12."

Her face fell. "Oh, Joey, are you sure? Haven't you one left?"

I made a pretense of rummaging through the window, though I knew no bonnet was there.

"Mother can't afford me many new things," she explained in a trembling voice, "but this time she said I should, for once, be like the other girls. My old hat is very shabby—not fit for Sunday wear any longer. Oh, I suppose you haven't overlooked one bonnet in some corner, Joey?"

She was awfully disappointed. "Never mind," she tried to say, "thank you, Joey." But she choked up suddenly, and hurried out of the store. I looked through the window, and, as she went down the street, I saw that she was crying. I waited till I heard Cindy rattling the dinner things in the kitchen, and then I sneaked out to her.

"Say, Cindy, what price did father put on them Cape Cod bonnets?" "A dollar each," said Cindy.

"I've got two silver dollars, and some tame rabbits, and an old gun—I'll give the whole business for that coal scuttle of yours, Cindy."

The dish cloth dropped from her hand. "The boy is clean crazy!" said she.

"Oh, come now!" I urged, "you'll never get another offer like it—two dollars in money, and the rabbits, and the gun."

Cindy skipped to a cupboard and, before I was aware, whipped out her new headgear, and plumped it squarely on my shock head, tying the ribbons tight under my chin. I was a brawny, freckled lad, and there was cause, no doubt, for her shrieks of laughter as she danced around me.

"Oh, Joey, you are a show!" she cried. "Would you like to go to church in it Sunday morning? You must have my petticoat, too, and my new mantle, and my turkey tail fan! Father, father!" raising her voice to a terrible pitch, "come quick, and see our Joey!"

This was too much. The kitchen door stood open—with a leap I gained the garden. My first thought was to strike a bee-line for the Miller house and give my prize openly to Elizabeth; but Cindy was close on my heels. As I dodged through the currant bushes and bean poles, and trampled mother's sage bed, I found that pesky girl gaining on me. I tugged at her infernal bonnet, but the ribbons were in a knot and I couldn't loose them.

At the foot of the garden was an old, disused well that father had partly covered. The curb was gone, and the mouth mostly concealed in brushwood. In my haste I forgot the thing, and blundered straight into it. The water was like ice, and I gave a yell as I went down, striking knees and elbows on the mossy stones. Cindy flew for a rope and a pole and fished me out of the well, and when she had taken off the scoop and rolled me on the grass she cuffed me handsomely.

"Hang your bonnet!" said I. "In its present state, Cindy, I wouldn't give more than the gun for it."

Cindy scurried back to the house to dry the scoop, and I was forced to abandon all further attempt to console Elizabeth.

Sunday came. The Manomet meeting house was a sight to behold. All the girls wore the Cape Cod bonnets—all but Elizabeth. She appeared in her old hat, with eyes cast down, as though ashamed of her own shabbiness. But her face was like a white rose, and her brown curls tumbled, thick and fine, about her neck and shoulders. As she slipped into the Miller pew, which was

next father's, Cindy, in a lot of new finery, tittered contemptuously behind a hymn book.

Service began. A tall young fellow entered the church and walked down the aisle, glancing around for a vacant seat.

Now every place was filled but the Miller pew, and seeing this, the late comer coolly stepped inside it, and seated himself by Elizabeth.

The girls began to stare and whisper, and turn their beflowered and beribboned heads. Cindy nudged mother, and dropped her Bibles with a disgraceful noise. But Capt. Rolfe seemed unaware of the sensation he was creating. He listened soberly to the minister in the high pulpit, found all the hymns for Elizabeth, and joined his deep bass to her clear treble when the congregation sang. As soon as the benediction was pronounced, I leaned over to speak to the Millers, but Rolfe was ahead of me—he already had Elizabeth by the hand.

"Do you remember the morning I went away?" I heard him ask.

"Yes," answered Elizabeth, and she colored beautifully. "I stood at the gate and waved you good-by as you walked down the street."

"You did!" said he; "and you wished me good luck—you, a little thing, with your curly head hardly above the pickets of the fence! And good luck followed me throughout the voyage. Elizabeth, I think I owe it all to you."

Cindy was bursting with wrath and envy.

"Did you ever see the beat of that?" said she, as we pursued our homeward way together. "And Elizabeth Miller was the only girl in church who didn't wear a new bonnet."

"And who didn't need one," I answered, gloomily. "The rest of you can't hold a tallow dip to Elizabeth."

That night Cindy returned from prayer meeting, and told us that Rolfe had been sitting again in the Miller pew, and that he had gone home through the moonlight with Elizabeth. My heart burned like a hot coal. For hours I tossed sleeplessly, thinking of that whaleman. The next morning he walked into our store, and laid a white bearskin on the counter before Cindy.

"I promised you a present from Greenland, you remember," said he, "and here it is."

I bore my torment for awhile, then I took the old gun that I had offered Cindy as part payment for her bonnet, and started for the beach, where the sea-faring folk were usually to be found.

As I went plunging through the wood, I stumbled against a man who was cutting letters on the trunk of a tree and singing softly to himself as he worked.

"Hello, Joey!" he called, gay as a lark. "Looking for squirrels?"

At once I felt like a fool. I tried to slip the old gun into the bushes.

"Of course," I answered, glibly; "have you seen any hereabouts?"

"No," said the captain. He finished the last letter with a flourish, shut his jackknife and put it in his pocket. I sidled up to the tree, and lo! he had hacked Elizabeth's initials in the green bark.

"Come down to the beach, Joey," said Capt. Jack, "and have a sail with me. There's no wind stirring, but I'll whistle for a capful."

And whistle he did, as we strode down the path—the sweetest, clearest notes I ever heard. And presently something ruffled the water, the little waves began to leap; a cool murmur came up, as it seemed, from the heart of the sea; the captain made the boat ready and we jumped in.

As he trimmed the sail he fell to telling me about his voyages in the South Pacific and the awful white North; of doubling the black precipices of Cape Horn, with floating icebergs threatening the ship on every side. I forgot Elizabeth and the old gun, and when I trudged home my head was full of whaling stations, and blubber, and big fish, and sharp, clinker-built boats, and I acknowledged in my heart that Jack Rolfe was the finest fellow in the world.

But presently the spell which he had thrown upon me passed away, and my jealousy revived. Though I no longer wished to harm the captain, I saw that I must steal a march upon him. At nightfall I went to Elizabeth's house, and found her leaning on the gate. She wore a muslin gown that looked like a white cloud, and some blush roses were dying in her bosom.

"Was it here you stood," I asked, sulkily, "when you wished Capt. Rolfe good luck, as he started on his voyage?"

"Yes, Joey," she answered, in a dreamy voice; "just here."

"Elizabeth," I said, "I want you to promise to marry me when I grow up."

She opened wide her beautiful eyes.

"That is a long time ahead, Joey."

"Only five years," I urged. "You and I are of the same age. You ought to be willing to wait for me five years, for I love you tremendously, Elizabeth."

Somebody came up to us on the other side of the gate and, leaning over, put an arm around my companion.

"Here is another person that loves Elizabeth tremendously," said Capt. Rolfe, with laughter in his voice, "and as he is already grown up, she need not wait to marry him, Joey. Ah, my lad, you are too late—Elizabeth is promised to me. But, cheer up! you shall dance at her wedding."

There is no more to tell. He wasn't the man to let grass grow under his shoes. He married Elizabeth, and carried her off to the other side of the world. And the morning they left the village I wished Cindy had never fished me out of the old well. Even to this day my heart thrills to the name of Elizabeth.

FOR THE CONSUMER.

FACTS OF VITAL INTEREST REGARDING HOME PATRONAGE.

Menace to Local Prosperity in Contributions to Centralized Wealth of Metropolitan Concerns.

Dear Mr. Consumer: What shall it profit you if in saving \$25, \$50, \$100, \$500 on the one hand you injure yourself \$50, \$100, \$200 or \$1,000 on the other?

We are writing to you at this time, says the Retailers' Journal, of Chicago, to say that we believe every dollar you save by buying goods away from home costs you two.

If you are a farmer, did you ever stop to inquire what makes your land valuable? It is not the land itself, nor you; that's certain.

Suppose your land, with all its great natural fertility, and your splendid methods of cultivation, were located in the middle of Texas, with no other cultivated ground and no railroads within hundreds of miles of it.

It wouldn't be worth much, would it?

The sole reason why your land is of more than nominal value is because a community has grown up around it.

If you acquired your land years ago when the neighborhood in which you live was sparsely settled, you have had the pleasure of watching it grow in value as the community has grown and prospered.

First came the neighboring farms, then the towns, and finally the railroads, which the towns brought near to your land, all contributing to your's and the general prosperity.

It must be clear to you, in the light of history, that your interests can continue to grow and prosper only if the entire community in which you live shall continue to grow and prosper.

If your community goes backward, you go backward; if its growth and prosperity are retarded, the growth and prosperity of your individual interests are retarded.

How, then, can you expect to advance your interests by taking a pound weight from the prosperity of your community for the sake of a temporary, personal gain in the measure of pennies?

The greatest menace to this country is admitted to be the centralization of wealth, which carries with it, under our present economic system, the tendency to build to tremendous proportions a few chosen communities, at the expense of the many less favored ones.

Yet, let us tell you what you of the smaller communities have done in a single year to hasten forward this tendency, instead of resisting it as might have been expected of you:

In the year 1905, out of the money earned in your communities, and belonging to the commerce and industry of your communities, you contributed to two mail order houses alone, located in the city of Chicago, the stupendous sum of \$80,000,000!

Think of this for a moment, and then consider that it is only the beginning; that dozens of other concerns of the same kind gleaned from the farms and the small communities of the land a golden harvest of a size which only can be guessed at.

Startling when you try to realize it all at once, isn't it?

Contract this tremendous accumulation of your money in a few hands, for the benefit of concerns in which you have no interest, located in communities from whose prosperity you derive only remote benefits, with the commercial conditions in your own community.

The two institutions which absorbed \$80,000,000 of your money in one year, although the largest of their kind in the world, still are reaching their hands for more. One already has expended not less than \$1,000,000 for an immense new building, and the other has bought the site for an additional structure which will cost as much.

If the business of these two giants shows the same percentage of increase during the present year as in 1905, their draft upon the country for the year 1906 will be over \$100,000,000! Will you give it to them?

Superstitions of Farmers.

Farmers "stick to the moon" in regard to planting corn and other crops. Some of them will not under any circumstances plant corn in moonlight nights, claiming that corn planted then will produce a tall stalk with a short ear. Others just as successfully plant when they are ready, when nights are dark or moonlight, as the case may be. Other notions are indulged in, such as throwing the cobs in running water to keep corn from firing. Some farmers would under no consideration burn pinner hulls, the seed of which is to be used for planting; they must be scattered along a path or highway, to be trodden upon in order to secure a good crop. Green butter bean hulls must be thrown in a road after being shelled for table use from day to day to insure a good crop the following season.—Charleston News and Courier

"Hello" Just Grew.

Did Edison invent the telephonic "hello?" I doubt the story. To say "hello" is older than the Edisonian hille. Nothing is more natural than to say "Hello, fom!" "Hello, Doc!" "Hello, Hank!" "Hello, John!" No one learned it of Edison. Like Topsy, it grew.—N. Y. Press.

In the Usual Way.

Friend—Do thoughts that came to you long ago ever return? Scribbler—O, yes—if I inclose a stamped envelope.—Stray Stories.

MURDERERS AMONG BIRDS.

Young Ones Confined in Cage Are Poisoned by the Male Parent.

A gentleman who travels much in Central America tells an interesting story about his experience with tropical birds. To put it in his own words, he says: "In cleaning up the site to build the railroad station at Sonsonate in the republic of El Salvador, I left standing a tree called the temisque, which was, and is still, the favorite nesting place for several kinds of birds. With the aid of a ladder one day I secured from the nest some young sinzontes (mocking birds.) Fearing that I could not secure the right kind of food for them, I made a rough cage and put them in it. I placed it where the parents of the little captives could take care of their young ones, which they soon did with all the solicitude I expected.

"Excepting the shelter of the wings of their progenitors, and liberty to fly freely in the air, I think they enjoyed every inducement to grow strong and be happy in their comfortable prison. Perhaps the impossibility of getting into the cage made the parent birds more affectionate and assiduous in their visits. When the breeding time arrived, I watched the expectant mother birds gathering feathers, moss and other material with which to build their nests. One of my peons remarked 'Boss, you better bid adieu to your chicks; their daddies are going to get them poison from the brush.' His remarks made me think of what I had read in natural history at school, that when the African swallow emigrates to Europe the invalids and the very young birds which cannot accompany them are poisoned. Still I did not believe that the parents of my young sinzontes could be so cruel or so wise as to kill my birdies. Yet, a few days after, I had the sorrow to find one of my mocking birds stone dead. I took it out and dissected it, hoping to ascertain the nature of the poison. I feared that the peon might be playing a joke on me. I had to abandon the idea when I found in the poor bird's stomach, among other things, a piece of undigested and swollen pink butterfly. All the rest of my prisoners died one after the other, and in the stomach of each I found remains of the swollen pink butterfly. Then I instructed my peons to catch some butterflies, which I fed to the wild mocking birds, and had occasion to observe that they ate them all except the pink ones. These birds were free and wild ones and had an instinctive discretion which made them reject the injurious food. My poor prisoners could not refuse what was put down their throats by their wise parents, who thus brought them poison from the brush."

VALUE OF SNAILS AS FOOD

About 100 Per Cent. More Nutritious Than Oysters, Says Medical Authority.

A dish of snails is hardly ever seen in this country, although in Spain and in France this mollusk is a fairly common article of food among the poor, while it is held in great esteem by the gourmet when it is stewed and garnished with herbs and condiments, says the London Lancet. The suggestion that the snail should form a cheap article of food in this country has been revived and there is nothing to be said against the proposal from a dietetic point of view, for properly cooked, the snail is both nutritious and tasty. If, however, the suggestion were seriously acted upon, we fear that the supply in this country would prove to be short of the demand. But doubtless the snail could be cultivated as is the oyster when it was found that it had gained a considerable patronage. The snail has indeed been called "the poor man's oyster," though we do not remember to have seen it eaten raw. We know, however, that it makes an excellent fish sauce and may be used for the same purpose as oyster sauce. Possibly also a few snails in a steak-and-kidney pudding would increase the tastiness of this popular food.

Care must be exercised in the choice of the snail for food purposes, as it is well known that snails feed on poisonous plants, and it is the custom in France to allow a few days to elapse after they have been taken from their feeding ground in order that any poisonous matter may be eliminated. Most of the snails in France used for edible purposes are collected from the vineyards of Burgundy, Champagne and Lorraine, which we may be sure, afford a perfectly clean feeding ground for the snail considering the care which is taken to protect the vines from disease.

According to analysis, very nearly 90 per cent. of the solid matter of the snail is proteid matter available directly for repairing the tissues of the body. Beside this, there are about six per cent. of fat and four per cent. of mineral matter, including phosphates. Compared with the oyster, this would show that the snail contains about 100 per cent. more nutritious substances. The suggestion, therefore, that the snail should be used for food is not merely sentimental.

"These Presents."

Many people if asked the meaning of the word "presents" in the phrase "by these presents" would be entirely unable to give it. It means "these present words," or "this present document." It was familiar enough formerly. In "Love's Labour's Lost" the king asks Jaquenetta, "What present hast thou there?"—the "present" being a letter. Bacon writes that Romulus after his death was said to have sent a "present" to the Roman people bidding them devote themselves to arms. Shakespeare even uses "present" to mean money in hand.

LUCILE'S DIARY.

I think I have more trouble than most girls. I try to be kind and thoughtful for others, but no matter what I do my friends are always getting vexed at me. It's hard to bear, too, when I realize that I put myself out a great deal for people, and more than half the time they don't appreciate it.

Now, there's Alice Maltby, the girl that's visiting Mrs. Greene. I've done a lot to make it pleasant for her. As for her being grateful—well, she's quite the reverse.

I took Canby Fuller to see her and he was really very nice to her for my sake. Canby will do anything I ask him, and when I suggested that he pay her some attention while she was here he said he'd be glad to do so. I told Canby that it was only right to be kind to a homely girl like Alice. I said I thought she was entitled to some pleasure even if she wasn't a beauty. Canby looked rather surprised at this. I suppose he didn't realize that I'd be so thoughtful. I told him, too, that I intended to show her how to arrange her hair more becomingly, for I thought it was a real pity for her to make herself any less attractive than she really was by wadding her hair into that ugly big knot at the back of her head. He said that was Grecian, and I laughed at him for knowing so little about hairdressing.

The funny part of it is that when I offered to show Alice how to do her hair more stylishly she thanked me and said she preferred to continue wearing it in her usual way. Several persons, she said, had assured her that it just suited her classic profile. I wonder if Canby could have told her that awkward bun was Grecian. He may have done it, thinking it would please me, for he knew I wanted him to be kind to her. But I didn't expect him to make silly, flattering speeches like that.

Canby invited Alice and me to go to the theater. That is, he remarked to me that he should like to take us, so I selected a play that I wished very much to see and then rang up Alice and asked her to go with Canby and me. It turned out that she had seen the play in New York in the winter before she came here, but it was the only thing in town that I thought worth while, so I didn't say anything to Canby about her having seen it. Really it was the best thing here, and I new Canby well enough to know that he'd want to take us to the best.

If Alice Maltby was a tactful girl she would not have let Canby know that she had seen the play before. It was very inconsiderate of her when he asked if she knew the story of it to own right up that she had seen it in New York. It would have been much more unselfish of her to evade the subject. I felt sorry for Canby, for he was naturally disappointed. He had thought he was giving her a new pleasure and he knew how anxious I was for him to make her have a good time, so, of course, the poor fellow was quite uncomfortable because he hadn't chosen another play.

He proposed going to supper after the theater and at first Alice didn't want to. She said she wasn't used to going to restaurants at night without a chaperon. I told Canby that I was simply starved and if he didn't wish to take me home in a fainting condition he'd have to give me something to eat. Alice consented then and we had a delicious little supper at one of the nicest places in town. I was so glad to have her see that particular restaurant, for I don't believe she'll have another chance.

It was dreadfully late when we got back to the Greenes', where Alice is staying. I asked Canby to look at his watch just as we were starting up the steps of the house, and when he struck a match and told what time it was I was frightened, because father hates to have me out late at night. Mother told me only last week that he said he wouldn't stand for it, so I warned Canby that we must hurry.

"Don't wait to watch Alice into the house," I said. "She is all right, and if we don't simply fly we'll lose the next car. You don't mind, do you, Alice?"

"No-o-o," she answered, ungraciously. She didn't seem to realize how important it was for me to get home before it was much later.

Canby stood for a second hesitating. Then I turned and ran rapidly down the steps and there was nothing for him to do but follow. He called out: "Good night; I'm awfully sorry, Miss Maltby, to leave you so informally," and then we rushed on to catch the car.

This morning I called up Alice to have a little chat with her about last night. She was positively chilly over the telephone. She said that Canby had her latchkey in his pocket and that she stood on the porch ringing the bell 20 minutes before she could rouse anyone. She also said a great deal about feeling ashamed of having to get Mr. Greene up at that unearthly hour. She really seemed to think, I believe, judging from the tone of her voice, that it was all my fault.

It will be just like her to tell Canby about it, too, and I suppose he will think I ought not to have hurried him away. It's absurd for me to be blamed for Canby's forgetfulness, especially when I was trying so hard to do what was right by getting home before father should begin to worry about me. Father is so cross and unreasonable when he is worried.—Chicago Daily News.

More Characteristic.

"That millionaire baby up in Fifth avenue can make its first articulate sounds."

"Goo-zoo, I suppose?"

"No, dough, dough!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

DOG'S PLACE IN FICTION.

Famous Novelist Who Does Not Conceal His Admiration for Them.

We will venture to own that it was with a sense of something purposely banal in his answer, when the other day we asked a young novelist whether he had ever thought of taking an animal for a hero, and he replied: "Yes, a dog!"

Dogs have been heroes almost from the moment they ceased to be wolves and foxes and turned upon their savage ancestors in defense of their new found human friends, writes W. D. Howells, in Harper's Magazine. There is doubtless something to be said on the side of the wolves and foxes in the matter; one can see how they might well accuse the dogs of race treason; but there is a point of view which no believer in the heroism of dogs will take.

"Allow," we imagine such a one urging "that the wolves and foxes are right in much that they claim. Admit, for the sake of argument, that dogs are filthy brutes, with habits that no wolf or fox would indulge; that they bring fleas into the house, and a bad smell; that they go straight from a perfumed bath, the curled darlings of tender mistresses, and seize the first occasion of rolling in carrion; that they are worse than swinish in their diet if permitted to indulge their preferences; that in guarding the shepherd's flock by night they will sup on the lambs of neighboring folds if opportunity offers; that they are nervous and hysterical, and that they will rouse the household they watch over with a thousand false alarms, and then yield to the first burglar who tempts them with a bit of meat; that knowing the superior intelligence of their own species, they have such a low taste for society that they will rather consort with the stupidest little boy, or the greatest blackguard of a man, or the silliest doll of a woman, than with the best and wisest dog that ever was; that they are vain, jealous, vindictive and cruel; that their peculiarly excitable temperament renders them to the most dreadful of diseases, especially in a state of high domestication, when they go mad and incontinently bite their dearest friends who presently expire in inexpressible torment; that in the country they minister mainly to the idleness of man, and in towns are an unmitigated nuisance. But what of all that? Do they not throttle venomous serpents about to bite infants in their cribs and then suffer themselves to be precipitately slain by the rash fathers who mistake the blood of the reptile for that of their offspring? Do they not constantly save children from drowning? Do they not come and notify people that their masters are lying helpless from injury or exhaustion in waste places, and pull at the garments of the incredulous till they go to the rescue?"

It may be confessed that arguments like these leave the wolves and foxes scarcely a leg to stand on, and establish the dog almost unassailably in that quality of hero in which he has yet been adequately, or at least coherently, painted. His heroism illustrates a thousand anecdotes and a hundred short stories, but it does not yet illumine a sustained fiction, say, of 120,000 words.

OLD CLOTHES BROUGHT OUT

Cast-Offs That Come to Light and Delight the Heart of the Owner.

"It's an odd circumstance," he remarked, as he whisked himself and critically surveyed himself in the glass preparatory to going out for a nibble at crackers and cheese and a glance at the latest tract, may be, "it's queer, but you'll take off a suit and hang it in the closet forever and a day. You'll vow that you've worn it for the last time. It's shiny in the back and on the seams, and there's a suspicion of fringe at the end of the sleeves and trousers, the collar is grimy and the color is faint in places. For weeks you've been ashamed of that suit, and now you're coming with it for keeps."

"What I'm coming at is that 10 or 11 months later, hard pressed for clothing and money, in desperation you'll hunt through that closet and be tickled half to death to come across that same discarded and forgotten suit. It's as bright as a new dollar, it isn't worn, it fits well and you're so proud of it you hate to hide it under an overcoat, even if it is freezing outside. This is one of that kind of suits and I'd like to know what's the matter with it."

"Nothing, as far as I can see," replied the man who had been compelled to listen, "but you must live in a queer house and have a peculiar sort of wife. I've never laid hands on one of my old suits since I was married. My wife gives them away or sells them. If I'm sick in bed two days she gives away my clothes. I see them afterward, of course; keep passing them and repassing them on the streets. Sometimes they startle me and make me wonder if I'm I. I don't know whether the men who are sporting them are deserving pensioners of my wife or not. I hope to goodness that all of them aren't her friends."

Skippers' Town.

Searsport, Me., is a town of many skippers, having been represented on the high seas by 142 captains of full-rigged ships. The year 1835 was the best in her history in this respect, for Searsport then had 77 captains in active service. They were not all residents of the town, but all either lived there or were born there, so that was the place they hailed from.

WEATHER FORECAST:

Tomorrow: Fair.

THE EVENING NEWS.

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

TEMPERATURE TODAY:

At 3 p. m., 80 degrees.

VOLUME 3

ADA, INDIAN TERRITORY, FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 25, 1906

NUMBER 55

HOT WEATHER REQUISITES

Two Piece Suits

HAWES
SAILORS



GENUINE
PANAMAS

\$2.00
2.50
3.00

\$5.00
6.50
7.50

Edwin Clapp Low Cuts, \$5.00 and \$5.50

"Our Own Make" Low Cuts, \$3.50 and \$4.00

And Other Styles Down to \$1.50

We Would Like to Show You

Scott-Hoard Co

TRYING TO PATCH UP FIVE TRIBES BILL

Washington, May 25.—Senator Clapp has introduced a bill to supply an omission in the five tribes bill that would, if reported, inflict serious injury upon a num-

ber of Indians entitled to allotments. In the five tribes bill it was noted if the Secretary of the Interior should not consider the application of anyone for enrollment who has not established by documentary evidence his citizenship status, and whose name is not on the roll prepared by the Dawes Commission.

It transpires that the Dawes Commission has made a number of errors in the making of the rolls, so that, under the five tribes act, those who suffered

rect the enrollment of any person who, at the time of his enrollment had a tribal status as a member of either of the Five Civilized Tribes in Indian Territory, as shown by the governmental records, and who, by mistake or error, was by the Commission to the Five Civilized Tribes deprived of such status.

Bloomer Tea. Benefit Cemetery Association. At Mrs. Chaney's Saturday afternoon 3 to 6. Only 10 cents.

A CHANCE AFTER ALL FOR NEW COURT TOWNS

Washington, May 25.—There is a bare probability that after all four court towns will be created in Indian Territory by the Indian appropriation bill. The conferees who have had the bill under consideration more than two weeks, and who will probably make a report today, have once concluded to strike out all reference to this matter. They yielded to this temptation because of their inability to compromise the rivalries of the eleven towns that were striving to be made court towns.

But since then some one has raised the question whether the conference committee may eliminate from the bill the names of those towns upon which both houses agreed when the bill passed through them. That question has not been definitely answered. If it should be answered negatively, then Wilburton, Bartlesville, Duncan and Tulsa will get courts by virtue of the Indian appropriation bill, for amendments including these were agreed to by both houses.

AGREEMENT ON INDIAN APPROPRIATION BILL

Washington, May 25.—Complete agreement has been reached by the conferees on the Indian appropriation bill on all points of dispute between the Senate and House and the report was signed yesterday.

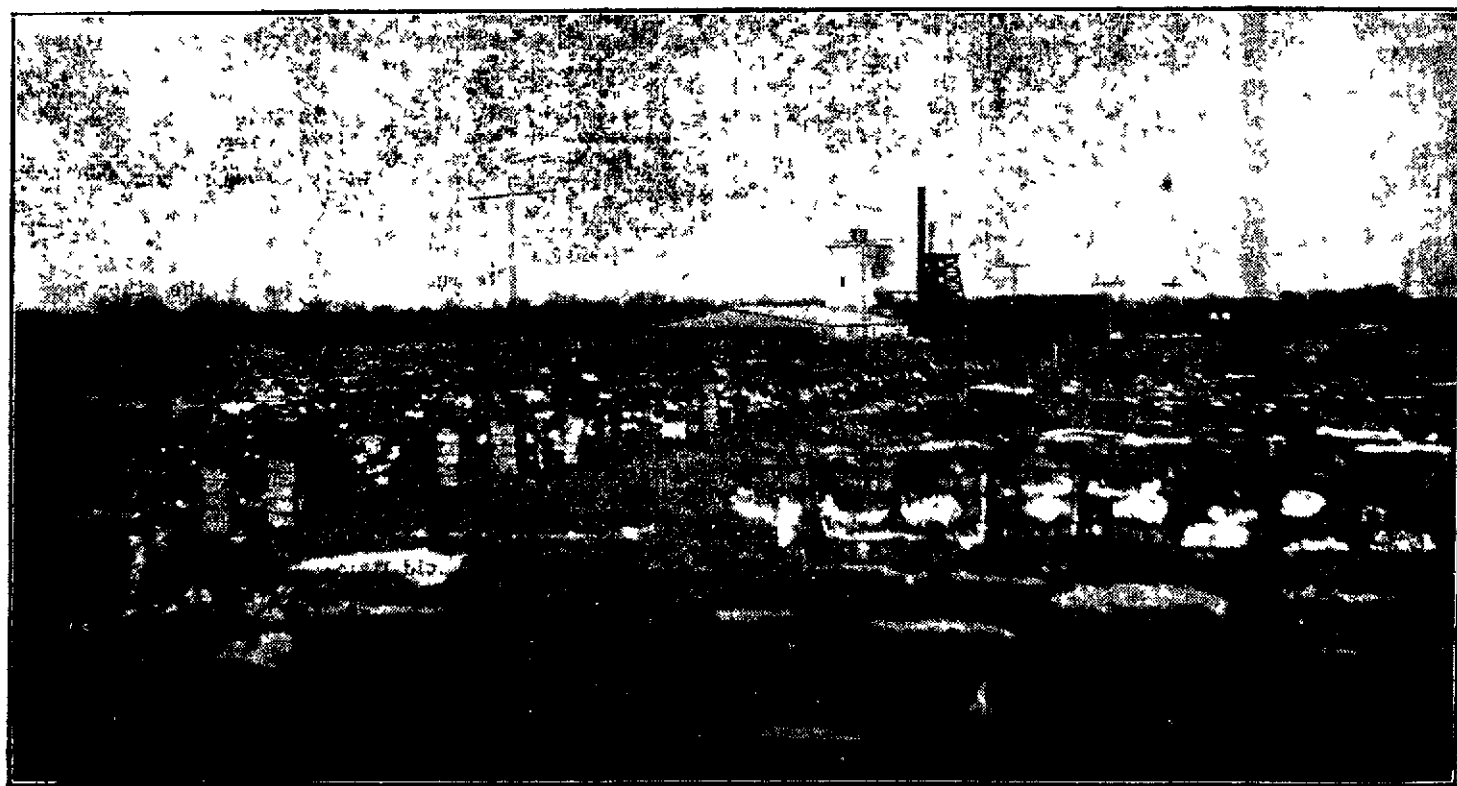
A compromise provision relating to the coal lands of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations was adopted by the conferees as follows:

That the Secretary of the Interior is hereby authorized and directed to make practical and exhaustive investigation of the character and extent and value of the coal deposits in and under the segregated coal lands of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations, Indian Territory, and the expense thereof, not to exceed the sum of \$50,000, shall be paid out of the funds of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations in the treasury of the United States provided that any and all information obtained under the provisions of this act shall be available at all times for the use of congress and its committees.

Murder and Mob Law Discovered.

Oklahoma City, Ok., May 25.—It has been learned here that a double murder to cover robbery, followed by lynching, has occurred in the mountains in the Chickasaw nation. The affair occurred two weeks ago. The participants in the tragedy were mountaineers who agreed among themselves to keep the affair secret.

Two weeks ago an unknown man went to the home of R. T. Tutt, who lives near the base of one mountain and demanded food. He was refused by Mrs. Tutt who found it necessary to enforce her refusal by the display of a gun. A few days later, a nearby farm house, occupied by two maiden women, was broken into. The sisters were shot in their endeavor to protect themselves and robbed of \$700 in cash. Neighbors discovered the deed and a posse was organized. The murderer was trailed to the woods and upon his discovery was shot down in cold blood.



ADA COTTON COMPRESS

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES FORMALLY AMALGAMATED

Decatur, Ill., May 25.—Yesterday was the memorable day of the assembly in the Presbyterian world it will go into history. "The joint report of two committees on reunion and union and the recitals and resolutions there-

in contained and recommended for adoption having been adopted by the general assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America and the gener-

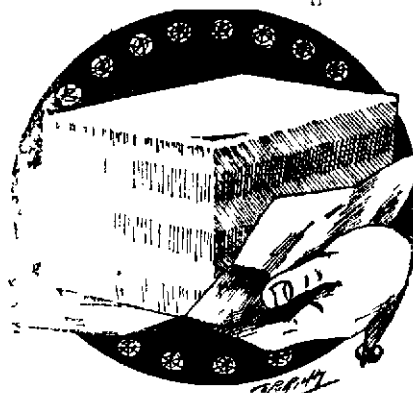
(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE)

EDWIN CLAPP SHOES

In the new shapes, Patent Oxfords and Shoes sold for \$6.00 and \$6.50, reduced to... \$4.95
Vici and Tan Oxfords and Shoes, the new shapes, sold for \$5.00, reduced to... \$4.20
All the Ladies' Oxfords, Patent, Vici, Tans and White Canvas go at reduced prices.

Have you seen the Burrow Jap Patent Men's Oxfords. They are warranted not to break. Sold for... 4.00
Call soon while the prices are low.

I. HARRIS.



Many Flavors to One Brick or Each Flavor Separate
Ice Cream
by the piece or quantity. Pure and delicious in either case. Cooling and nourishing. The richest country cream and finest flavors are used in the production of our Ice Cream, and the greatest care is taken to have it and our Water Ices the best in the city.
Crystal Ice Cream Co.

PAUL W. ALLEN,

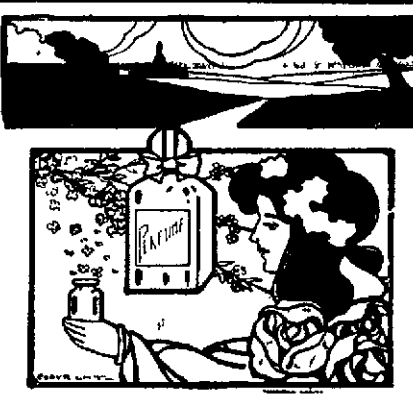
Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.

Horses Boarded by Day or Week.

Satisfaction Guaranteed. Best of Service.

Allen Livery Barn

South Townsend Ave., Phone 64.



As Fragrant as Flowers
but more lasting and far less expensive. Its wonderful what exquisite odors can be extracted from nature.
A Dainty Bottle of Perfume
is always necessary in the boudoir. We sell perfumes of standard make. A delicate perfume of lasting odor is worth a dozen other that are inferior. You're safe when you buy of us.
G. M. RAMSEY, Druggist.
(Successor to Clark Drug Co.)

OTIS B. WEAVER

Continues in the Real Estate Business

And will give careful and energetic attention to all business entrusted. He has some rare bargains in Ada real estate. Manager for beautiful Sunrise Addition. Office headquarters for prospectors

Weaver Building, 12th and Broadway.

Patronize Home Industry

By Buying Ice From

Ada Ice and Fuel Co.

Keep Your Money at Home.

We Handle the Best Grades of Coal.

Phone 249.

Office at Ice Plant.

OVERDRAFTS

It is becoming well known by business men that overdrafts, whether large or small, are not approved by the comptroller of the currency. The large central banks allow overdrafts only in a very small way, and this matters not how small, is not approved by the powers that be. This unbusinesslike habit of overdrafting grows out of advancing moving products, such as cotton, grain and fat stock on the move. The overdraft system is wrong and the man whose account is always overdrawn is the man who spends more money than he makes and will finally have no bank account.

Ada National Bank.

Capital and Surplus, \$63,500.

Ada, Ind. Ter

ADA EVENING NEWS.

OFFICIAL CITY PAPER.

OTIS B. WEAVER PUBLISHER
M. D. STEINER, BUSINESS MANAGER

Entered as Second class matter March 26, 1904, at the Postoffice at Ada, Indian Territory, under the Act of Congress March 3, 1879.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

THE CAUSE OF ROOSEVELT'S RETREAT.

Touching the President's recent sensational summons to the rate bill, followed by the humiliating exposure of his action at the hands of Senators Bailey, Tillman and Chandler, special correspondence from Washington makes a rather startling revelation. The correspondent boldly describes the President's motive as follows:

"We all know that not long ago the President came out in a brave message to the Congress and proceeded to cuss out the Standard Oil Company in the most approved fashion. He did not care so much about hurting the Standard Oil Company as to show up the iniquity of the rebate system which has been the basis of the Rockefeller millions, and which have been handed him by the railroads. He thought by this play to help along his railroad rate bill and help get the very amendment that he and Tillman and Bailey had agreed on. There is no doubt that it had some effect and that the message would have helped to get some Republican votes that were wavering, but just then something happened that Teddy was not looking for. His bluff was called and he had to lay down and lose all in sight, or else not only that but everything in his pockets.

"That night two men came over from New York and called at the White House. They were closeted with the President for several hours and then they took the midnight train back to New York. Those two men were two of the Standard Oil Company's chief magnates. Mr. John D. Archbold and Mr. H. H. Rogers. They told Teddy in no equivocal language that unless he called a halt right then and there and took the back track on this whole railroad rate business and saw things as the Senators who had been fighting for the unlimited court review, that he would open up on him and tell the whole story to the country concerning the campaign contribution to the Republican campaign fund made by the Standard Oil Company in the last campaign. That they would tell that he knew when it was given and why and how much it was before it ever reached the hands of Mr. Cortelyou, thus proving that Alton B. Parker told the truth and that Teddy told a lie in the last campaign. That's what made him shiver and turn traitor to the people."

The elusive Wicklife outlaws are still eluding. The posses continue hotly to pursue and have them all but corralled. Interest is sustained by showers of yellow dispatches. It's a bonanza for the saffron press.

NICE ASPARAGUS DISHES.

This Delicate Vegetable May Be Used for Soup and Salad, Creamed and with Eggs.

The Ladies' World has an interesting article by Mary Foster Snider giving direction on how to cook asparagus in different ways and make savory dishes. Attention is called to the fact that difficulty is often experienced in properly cooking this vegetable. It is suggested by this writer that if the stalks are cut into equal length and then stood upright in the sauce pan after being immersed in water to two-thirds of the way to the tips so that the latter is cooked by the steam only, there is less danger of over cooking the tips while the butts are not underdone. A half hour cooking is said to be enough by this method, unless the butts are unusually tough. Of course the coarse butts should always be removed.

Asparagus Soup.—Wash a large bunch of asparagus, cut off the tips, cover the stalks with cold water, and boil five minutes, then drain. Then cover with three pints of soup stock and add a third of the reserved tips. Cook until the asparagus is soft enough to press through a sieve or colander, and leave only the fiber behind; then return the soup and pulp to the fire, season to taste and bring it to a boil; drop in the remainder of the tips, which have been cooked gently in another saucepan until tender. Heat one cupful of cream or rich milk in another boiler, and thicken with two level tablespoonfuls each of flour and butter rubbed smoothly together; add to the soup and let boil a few minutes longer, then serve at once with croutons.

Cream of Asparagus Soup.—Cook one bunch of asparagus in one quart of water with a sprig of onions. When the asparagus is tender, rub all through a sieve, mashing and rubbing through all but the fiber. Return the pulp and soup to the fire, season with salt, white pepper and celery salt, and add one pint of milk. Let it come to a boil, thicken with one level tablespoonful each of flour and butter rubbed smoothly together, and simmer ten minutes longer.

Escalloped Asparagus.—Boil asparagus until tender, then drain, and place a layer in a buttered baking dish which has been well sprinkled with bread-crumbs. Sprinkle the asparagus with chopped hard-boiled eggs, pepper, salt and grated cheese, and proceed in this way until a pan is full, having the top layer of asparagus. Pour over it a cupful of thin white sauce, sprinkle with buttered crumbs, and brown delicately in a hot oven.

Asparagus in Baskets.—Make good baking powder biscuits, hollow them out, and fill with creamed asparagus. Serve very hot with cream sauce.

passed in a sauce boat.

Asparagus with Eggs.—Boil asparagus until tender, then place in a buttered baking-dish; season delicately with salt, pepper, and a pinch of nutmeg. Beat the yolks of four eggs until light, add two tablespoonfuls of cream, two level teaspoonfuls of butter, a little more seasoning, and the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth. Pour over the asparagus, set in a hot oven, and bake until the eggs are set.

Asparagus Salad.—Ice cooked asparagus tips and mix them lightly with finely-minced young onion. Serve ice-cold in little nests of tender lettuce leaves with a little French dressing poured over. A cream mayonnaise is also a delightful accompaniment, and especially if the iced asparagus tips are mixed with an equal amount of iced green peas.

Chicken Asparagus Casserole.—Mash one cupful of cold cooked asparagus with one cupful of hot mashed potatoes, add one-half cupful of fine dry bread-crumbs, salt and pepper to taste, and two well-beaten eggs. Form into little boxes or baskets, brush with soft butter, sprinkle well with fine bread-crumbs, and set in a hot oven until heated through. Fill with diced creamed chicken or veal, which has been kept hot on the top of the stove, and serve at once. Careful handling is necessary with these pretty and delicious little casseroles.—Prairie Farmer.

COOKING APRICOTS.

A New Dish Accidentally Evolved Which Proved Very Pleasing and Also Economical.

A cook the other day accidentally evolved a new dish. In stewing apricots, she found that she had more juice—which was really a thick sirup, so much sugar had been used—than she wished to send to the table with the fruit. She therefore soaked a little gelatine, and poured over it the hot apricot juice, to which she had added a very little—half a teaspoonful—bitter almond extract. When the gelatine was thoroughly dissolved and mixed with the juice, she poured the mixture in a mold, using for the purpose one of the cake tins that have fluted sides and a hole in the middle. The next day she carefully removed the jelly to a rich dark-blue platter, where it looked very pretty with its orange coloring. The hole in the center was filled with whipped cream, and a dessert sent to the family that cost almost nothing of either money or labor. Of course a ring mold could be used to even better advantage.

A very good shortcake is made from the best quality of canned apricots. Drain the juice away from the fruit, and cut it in small pieces. Set in a warm place, and proceed to mix the cake. This calls for one cupful of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, and half a teaspoonful of salt sifted together. Into this work four tablespoonfuls of butter, add three-fourths of a cupful of milk, and stir into a light dough. Roll in a floured bowl, and when one-fourth of an inch thick cut into generous squares. Brush the squares with melted butter, lay one on top of the other, and bake in a hot oven. When done, separate the pieces, spread the fruit between the layers and on top, and pile whipped cream over all. A sweet sauce which may be served with the shortcake is made by adding to a cupful of the fruit juice one tablespoonful of cornstarch wet in a little water and boiled for a few minutes. A tablespoonful of butter is melted into the sauce and a tablespoonful of lemon juice is added just before serving.—N. Y. Post.

EASILY GROWN VINES.

Boston Ivy and Virginia Creeper Two Stand-By—Some Beautiful Blossoming Vines.

Not alone may the veranda be beautified with vines. The wall of a brick or stone house may be given a living coat of green, which will be a joy to the lovers of nature. The Boston Ivy and the Virginia creeper, two vines known through America, cling to walls without support, and so are especially useful for this purpose. The former is not as hardy as the latter, but in the middle and southern latitudes it succeeds well and forms a beautiful mass against a wall. The Virginia creeper is perfectly hardy. It will hide ugly stone fences, outbuildings and dead trees, transforming them into things of beauty.

The rapid growing Virgin's Bower is an excellent vine for a veranda, giving a dense shade. It presents a snowy bank of star-shaped white flowers of delightful fragrance, which last for several weeks. A companion variety, Clematis coccinea, has rose-colored flowers, which resemble half-

closed rose buds from a distance. The wistaria is a good vine for a trellis, but is somewhat coarse for most verandas, being better suited for the rustic house or pergola, where its delightful purple flowers hang in graceful profusion. The Crimson Rambler rose vine is perhaps one of the surest, hardiest and most satisfactory of vines, admirably suited for the veranda or almost any other place. It grows rapidly and blooms in great abundance. Bitter sweet is an excellent vine of rich foliage, which becomes highly colored in the autumn and is often followed by a mass of scarlet fruit, which hangs for a long time.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Peppers Stuffed with Cold Ham.
Use six large green peppers. Scrape out clean and fill them with a mixture of one cup of minced ham, one cup of bread-crumbs and one tablespoonful of butter. Put into a baking dish with a half pint of strained tomatoes seasoned with salt and pepper and a tablespoonful of sugar. Bake for three quarters of an hour.

Rolls of Sponge Cake.
Beat the yolks of three eggs with one cup sugar and two tablespoonfuls sweet milk. Beat the whites stiff and thoroughly mix with the yolks and sugar. Sift one cup flour with one heaping teaspoon baking powder and add to the other ingredients. Flavor to taste. Put in an oblong pan and bake at once in a moderate oven. Bake it light, to avoid cracking in rolling. While hot remove from the pan, lay on a towel wet in cold water and spread with currant jelly. Roll at once and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Luncheon Rolls.
Make a good biscuit dough and roll it rather thinner than for biscuit. Cut into pieces about three inches square. Wet the edges with cold water and in the center of each square put a heaping tablespoonful of cooked meat, well seasoned and chopped fine. Fold the opposite corners together, pinching the edges so that they will not come apart in baking and bake for about 15 minutes in a hot oven.

IF YOU ARE THE INDIVIDUAL

Who never got a bargain at a Special Sale, come to this store and price any one of the three items we are driving for these few days only.

HATS, PANTS AND SHOES

We want your business by virtue of merit. Satisfaction to the fullest.

T.J. CHAMBLESS



TIME CARD
Ada, Ind. Ter.



TIME OF TRAINS
ADA, I. T.
THE RIGHT TRAINS
BETWEEN

EAST BOUND TRAINS

No. 510 Meteor, 4:48 p. m.
No. 512 Eastern Exp., 9:45 a. m.
No. 542 Local Freight, 5:45 p. m.

WEST BOUND TRAINS

No. 509 Meteor, 8:58 a. m.
No. 511 Texas Pass, 7:15 p. m.
No. 541 Local Freight, 7:45 a. m.

Local freight trains carry passengers provided with permits. Ten per cent saved on the purchase of round trip tickets.

I. McNair, Agent.

St. Louis
Hannibal,
Kansas City,
Junction City,
Oklahoma City,
In the North,
and all points beyond.

Houston,
Dallas,
Fort Worth,
San Antonio,
Galveston,
in Texas.

NORTH BOUND

No. 112 Express, daily, 3:55 p. m.
No. 564 Local, except Sunday, 12:15 a. m.

SOUTH BOUND

No. 111 Express, daily, 11:10 a. m.
No. 563 Local, except Sunday, 1:55 p. m.

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that you read so much and hear so much about from the press and the people. Oil burning loco motives all the way; no smoke, no cinders. For beautiful illustrated literature and other information, see nearest Sunset Ticket Agent

THE NEWS' SOUVENIR ALBUM

Will Portray Ada and Ada Country in Beautiful Half Tone Pictures Made From

Actual Photographs

There will be Nearly 150 Views and no Expense is being spared in Compiling the Work

See Us About It

PRICKLY
ASH
BITTERS

A POWERFUL

Kidney...
Medicine

Cures Quickly and Permanently

Accept no substitute, insist on having the genuine PRICKLY ASH BITTERS with the large figure 3 in red on the front label

SOLD EVERYWHERE

PRICE \$4.00

LOCAL NEWS

Phone in your news.

Try the News for job work.
See P. K. Smith for up-to-date photo work. 152-tf

D.E. Price is spending a couple of days in the country.

Uptodate suits made to order at Chitwood's. 152-tf

Mrs. McKendree, who has been ill for the past week, is better.

Cleaning and repairing. See Chitwood the Tailor. 152-tf

Mary Price is spending a few days with friends in Tyrola.

Dr. Bissant, dentist, over Ada National Bank. 152-tf

George Brumley of Sulphur Springs, Texas, is here today.

Furnished south room for rent, close in. Mrs. R. F. King, West Twelfth street. 51-tf

W. A. Alexander went to Coal-gate today.

L. H. Woodard's little daughter is better today.

Marshal Brents is at home sick today.

Miss Ella Warren is reported as being on the sick list today.

Miss Eula Clare Sims is better today.

J. W. Bohannon of Midland was here today.

Make your wants known to Duffal & Dodson, Groceries and Feed. Phone 92. 152-tf

Mrs. W. H. Fisher, who has been ill for the past three days, is better today.

Wedding announcements—the uptodate kind—at the News office. 152-tf

Attorney Holt returned this morning from an out of town trip.

Help the Cemetery Association by attending the Bloomer Tea Saturday afternoon 3-6. 10 cents. 152-tf

Attorney J. P. Crawford is confined to his home by illness brought on by over work.

Frank Jones, cashier at the Ada National, is at Stonewall today.

Dr. B. H. Erb, dentist, Henley & Biles building. Phone No. 1. 233-tf

Charley Barnard and sister, Mabel, of Holdenville, are guests of Miss Cora Barnard.

Remember, you will be expected at the Bloomer Tea. There'll be good things to eat. 152-tf

Mrs. P. A. Norris expects to leave soon for Hot Springs, Ark., in the hope of recuperating.

If you don't know what a Bloomer Tea is go to Mrs. Chaney's on Saturday and see. 152-tf

Mrs. Atwood of Newberry, I. T., and Mrs. Lula B. Hutchinson of Allen are guests of Mrs. M. B. Donaghey.

Ben Balderson, operator at the Katy station, has a leave of absence and will spend it with his people in Beatrice, Nebraska.

Mrs. J. F. McKeel has taken her baby to Ft. Worth for treatment. It has been very ill for some time.

Clyde Meaders will leave tomorrow for Sulphur Springs, Texas, to spend a few days with relatives.

Judge Winn, during the three days he held court at Sulphur disposed of 81 criminal cases and 10 civil cases.

W. D. Hays, deputy cashier of the Citizens National Bank, and E. W. Simpson, of the Surprise Store, are in the country today.

The Ladies of the Maccabees have been called to meet with Mrs. Bob Brents Saturday afternoon at 2:30.

I have strawberry plants of a choice variety for sale now at 40c per 100, \$3.00 per \$1,000. Orders to receive attention must be placed before the 29th inst. 25-55 A. D. Swank.

Judge Winn will hold court at Stonewall Monday. He and his family will then spend the rest of the week on his ranch, near there. The Judge likes to get away from court for awhile and revel in the joys of rural life.

A good sized crowd attended the carnival last night and quite a snug sum was netted for the hand boys and members of the fire department. The shows are clean and everyone who goes seems to have a good time.

Notice!

The Woodmen Circle will meet Friday afternoon at two o'clock for the purpose of paying dues and transacting other business. 58-2t The Guardian and Clerk.

Marriage Licenses.

John Bolin, aged 54, to Nora Trimble, aged 24, both of Bebee. John Ingram, 24, Laura Luther, 16, both of Ada. S. P. Griffin, 48, Clara Kitrell, both of Chism.

Notice.

There will be a meeting of the Lady Macabees Saturday evening at 2:30. Every member earnestly requested to be present as we have business of importance. 1t Maud Brents, L. C.

Taken to Texas.

Luther Jeffries was arrested yesterday at Francis by Marshal Brents. He was wanted at Bonham, Texas, for stealing a horse three years ago. An officer from Bonham came here and got him last night.

A Large Attendance.

The largest crowd of the week was out last night on the midway and judging from all appearances the young people enjoyed themselves very highly throwing confetti and riding the carousel.

The shows were all well patronized and the management is to be congratulated on having a bunch of shows that are moral and strictly uptodate in every respect. The free contortion act is a feature of the carnival and one must see it to appreciate the good work of the performer.

Everyone who attended the carnival last night returned home well satisfied, and expressions of praise for Manager Younger and his company were heard on all sides and no doubt a much larger crowd will be in attendance tonight.

We can cheerfully say the shows are as clean and moral as any show which has visited our city. 1t

A Mountain of Gold

could not bring as much happiness to Mrs. Lucia Wilke, of Caroline, Wis., as did one 25c box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, when it completely cured a running sore on her leg which had tortured her 23 long years. Greatest antiseptic healer of piles, wounds and sores. 25c at G. M. Ramsey's and Dr. F. Z. Holley's drug store.

Prickly Ash Bitters cures the kidneys, regulates the liver, tones up the stomach and purifies the bowels.

Deaths From Appendicitis

decrease in the same ratio that the use of Dr. King's New Life Pills increases. They save you from danger and bring quick and painless release from constipation and the ill growing out of it. Strength and vigor always follow their use. Guaranteed by G. M. Ramsey and Dr. F. Z. Holley, druggists. 25c. Try them.

M. K. T. Special

Round trip rates From Ada I. T.:

St. Paul, Minn., May 28 to 31, \$26.85.
San Francisco, Cal., June 25 to July 7, \$52.
Mexico City, Mexico, June 25 to July 7, \$40.
Chattanooga, Tenn., May 10 to 15, \$24.85.
Portland, Ore., June 18 to 22, \$47.55.
Springfield, Ill., May 31 to June 1 and 2, \$21.00.
Omaha, Neb., July 10 to 13, \$17.10.
Denver, Col., July 10 to 15, \$23.70.

C. F. Orchard, Agent.

Do You Need Shoes?

If you want a pair of Shoes that combine style, elegance and individuality with the best leather and excellent workmanship, why not try ours? You will be satisfied with your selection. The latest correct styles for men, women and children

CHAPMAN
The Shoe Man.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES

FORMALLY AMALGAMATED

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

al assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church and official notice of such adoption having been received by each of the said general assemblies from the other, I solemnly declare and here publicly announce that the basis of reunion and union is now in full force and effect and that the Cumberland Presbyterian Church is now reunited with the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America as one church and that the official records of the two churches during the period of separation shall be preserved and held as making up the history of the one church."

Such was the formal announcement of the moderator of the assembly making the two churches one.

Double Tragedy at Shawnee.

Shawnee, Ok., May 25.—The dead bodies of James Reed, grocer, and Miss Ollie Jones of Tecumseh were found yesterday three miles south of this city. Their horse and buggy was standing near by hitched to a pole. Reed was aged 48 and the girl was 18. Two shots fired into her head instantly killed her. Reed also received two shots in his head, dying immediately.

Announcer of Cyclones.

Guthrie, Ok., May 25.—The town council of Ringwood, where a city cyclone cellar was constructed, has appointed an official crier, who must arouse the townspeople in case of an approaching windstorm and summon all to the cellar.

Shot and Fatally Wounded.

Muskogee, I. T., May 25.—Jill Barker, a young man living about six miles east of this city, was shot and fatally wounded by another young man as they were going home from Muskogee Wednesday. His assailant jumped out of the wagon and succeeded in making his escape on foot.

Received Their Friends.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Donaghey received a number of their friends last night at their lovely home in the suburbs. The porch and lawn were beautifully lighted with electric lights and presented an attractive appearance. Small tables, each containing a superb bouquet of roses, were placed on the lawn and refreshments consisting of ice cream garnished with strawberries, and cake were served the guests. Mrs. Atwood of Newberry and Mrs. Lula B. Hutchinson of Allen and Misses Freasey of Roff were out of town guests.

Subscribe for the News.



Travel Right

When you have occasion to travel, use the same discrimination in buying a ticket that you would in buying anything else. Assure yourself in advance of what you may expect in the way of comfort and convenience en route.

The Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad

with through trains (over its own rails) from St. Louis and Kansas City in the north, to San Antonio and Galveston in the south, offers a ready solution to the vexed question—"How to go?"

If there is any information you would like about a prospective trip, write me. I'll gladly give you the information and if possible have my representative call on you and personally assist you in every way. Think of my offer when you next have occasion to travel. Address.

W. S. ST. GEORGE,
General Passenger & Ticket Agt.
Wainwright Bldg., St. Louis.

Tickets are on sale everywhere, via Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway

DR. THOS. H. GRANGER, D. D.S.

Manager,
DOSS & GRANGER
Pioneer
Dental
Office

ESTABLISHED 1901.
OVER FIRST NATIONAL BANK.
PHONE 212.

WANTS

FOR RENT:—Two three room houses on W. 14th street. Mrs. Julia Fleming. 3t 54

FOR RENT:—Furnished room. Mrs. Worthington, W. 14th St. 3t 54

FOR RENT:—Good four room house, well barn, stormhouse, etc. A. K. Thornton, care of W. M. Freeman & Co. 40-tf

Cheap Rates to Denver.

FRISCO
Will sell daily until May 31st, round trip tickets to the above point at greatly reduced rates. Tickets limited to May 31st, except tickets sold during month of May to be limited thirty days. For full information see Frisco agent or address

I. McNair, Agent, Ada, I. T.
D. C. Farrington, T. P. A., Oklahoma City, Okla.
F. E. Clark, D. P. A., Wichita, Kansas.

To those who have had a photo made of their home for News' Souvenir Album, may obtain some of the photos at a great reduced price of the Peerless Portrait Co. 39-tf

If You Were "BRED IN OLD KENTUCKY"

You should take advantage of the

Extremely Low Rates

TO

Louisville, Ky.

For the Occasion of the

Home Coming of Kentuckians, June 13th to 17th

THE



Will operate Through Cars from many points.

Rate, one fare plus \$2.00. Tickets sold June 11-12 13, from all stations. Open to Everybody.

For rates, routes, maps and other information apply to your nearest Frisco Agent or

D. C. Farrington, T. P. A., Oklahoma City, Okla.

F. E. Clark, D. P. A., Wichita, Kansas.

LOANS

On Dead Claims, Intermarried Surplus and where Restrictions Are Removed. Improved City Property or to build.

Correct Neat Abstracts of Title at Reasonable Prices

W. H. EBEL, - - - Ada, Ind. Ter.

A Timely Suggestion

To Property Owners and Mortgagees:

Tornadoes and wind-storms have destroyed millions of dollars worth of property. In a few moments the savings of a lifetime disappear. Your property, or that held in trust by you, may at any time be similarly damaged or destroyed. How would you be affected by such a loss? Are you insured?

A liberal form of contract protecting you in such an emergency can be had at low rates of premium from

OTIS B. WEAVER,
FIRE INSURANCE AGENT.

HENRY M. FURMAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Will do a general Civil and Criminal Practice.

Office in Duncan Building.

C. A. Galbraith Tom D. McKeown

GALBRAITH & McKEOWN

LAWYERS

Over Citizens National Bank

Ada, Ind. Ter.

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CAMPBELL & TERRELL

Attorneys-at-law

Practice in all Courts

Ada I. T.

CITY BARBER SHOP.

D. A. DORSEY, Prop.

First Class Work Guaranteed
Hair Cut 25c, Shave 10c.

South Side Main St., Ada, I. T.

The ladies wonder how Mrs. B. manages to preserve her youthful looks. The secret is she takes Prickly Ash Bitters; it keeps the system in perfect order.

We carry a full line of

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

Your Patronage Solicited

Moss & Scribner

LEADING GROCERS
Phone 125 Main St

Ada STEAM LAUNDRY CO.

Is given up to be best. Do

Largest Agency Work

of any plant in this Territory.

Reed & Harrison

Wholesale and Retail Buggies

The Best Makes, the Lowest Prices

Geo. A. Truitt,

Engineer and Land Surveyor

Office Rear Ada National Bank.

Prompt and Careful Attention

Given to All Work

Entrusted.

Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or elevations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 3 bottles \$2.75. Circular sent on request.

Wash Tubs, galvanized iron, No. 1, 50c. No. 2, 60c.

Water Pails, galvanized iron, 10 qt. 15c; 12 qt. 19c.

1X Tin Pails, 10 qt., 20c; 12 qt., 25c.

Large Kitchen Dippers 10c

Black Handled Dippers, 5c.

Tin Cups, 1 pt. and 1 pt, 2 for 5c; 1 qt. and 2 qt., 5c.

Graduated Measures. 1 qt., 5c; 2 qt., 10c.

Retinned Dish Pans, 14 qt., 25c.

Coffee Pots, 1 qt. and 2 qt., 10c

Crank Flour Sifters, 10c.

Wood Rim Sieves, 10c.

Milk Pans, Pudding Pans, Sauce Pans, Stew Kettles, etc., so many different sizes and kinds we will not undertake to describe them. Anything you need in useful Household and Kitchen Utensils.

Bambo Fishing Poles, 10c each, Fish Hooks and Lines to numerous to mention, but we sell them right.

The NICKEL STORE

Look, Read and Investigate in order to make your Dimes and Dollars go the Utmost Limit.

Here is Best Granite Ware. Extra heavy double coated enamel, in the new Mottled Grey, and each and every piece is an exceptional bargain.

Milk pans, 2 qt., 14c; 3 qt., 15c; 4 qt., 20c.

Pudding Pans, 1 and 2 qt. 10c; 3 qt., 15c; 6 qt., 25c.

Water Buckets, 10 qt., 49c; 12 qt., 59c.

Dish Pans, 10 qt., 30c; 14 qt., 39c; 17 qt., 49c.

Lipped Sauce Pans, 1 qt., 15c; 2 qt., 18c; 4 qt., 25c.

Preserving Kettles, 3 qt., 15c; 4 qt., 20c; 6 qt., 30c; 8 qt., 40c; 10 qt., 50c.

Coffee Pots, 1 qt., 25c; 2 qt., 35c; 3 qt., 40c.

Water Dippers, 10c and 14c, 15c and 19c.

TINWARE

Everything in Tinware in the same proportion as every thing else. We mention a few of the prices.

Wash Tubs, galvanized iron, No. 1, 50c. No. 2, 60c.

Water Pails, galvanized iron, 10 qt. 15c; 12 qt. 19c.

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When Captain Jack Came Home

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

(Copyright, by Joseph R. Bowles.)

Next to the church stood the school-house. Elizabeth sat near me on one of its wooden benches. Sometimes we studied from the same dog-eared spelling book. She was all pink and white, like Mayflowers under the pine needles in spring. Her brown hair curled thick about her shoulders, and her eyes were dark like the sea in a storm. I wasn't ten years old when I fell in love with Elizabeth. My head is white now, but I love her memory still.

Besides keeping the village store, my father made fish lines and sold them at different places along Cape Cod, where, naturally, they were in demand. One day a lot of new scoop bonnets were spread out for sale in our store window, and that same day Capt. Jack Rolfe came home from sea.

Perhaps you don't see the connection between the bonnets and the captain. But my father saw it, when all the marriageable girls in town came hurrying to our store for the latest fashion in scoops.

It was of a Friday, I remember, and the rush for the bonnets continued till the last one was sold. My sister, Lucinda, had the first choice. She took a black and white straw, and loaded it with flowers and ribbons till it looked like nothing earthly.

"When he was last in Manomet," said she, "Jack Rolfe used to see me home regularly from singing school; and when he went away he promised to bring me a present from Greenland."

About noon the door of our store opened again, and a new customer fluttered in. It was Elizabeth, panting hard, and grasping a silver piece in her hand. Father was at dinner, so he sent me behind the counter to serve. Elizabeth and I were of the same age—16—but her shining head stood an inch or two higher than mine.

"Joey," she said, breathlessly, "I want to buy one of the new bonnets. They're all gone," I answered.

"Mother sold the last before the clock struck 12."

Her face fell.

"Oh, Joey, are you sure? Haven't you one left?"

I made a pretense of rummaging through the window, though I knew no bonnet was there.

"Mother can't afford me many new things," she explained in a trembling voice, "but this time she said I should, for once, be like the other girls. My old hat is very shabby—not fit for Sunday wear any longer. Oh, I suppose you haven't overlooked one bonnet in some corner, Joey?"

She was awfully disappointed.

"Never mind," she tried to say, "thank you, Joey." But she choked up suddenly, and hurried out of the store. I looked through the window, and, as she went down the street, I saw that she was crying. I waited till I heard Cindy rattling the dinner things in the kitchen, and then I sneaked out to her.

"Say, Cindy, what price did father put on them Cape Cod bonnets?"

"A dollar each," said Cindy.

"I've got two silver dollars, and some tame rabbits, and an old gun—I'll give the whole business for that coat suit of yours, Cindy."

The dish cloth dropped from her hand.

"The boy is clean crazy!" said she.

"Oh, come now!" I urged, "you'll never get another offer like it—two dollars in money, and the rabbits, and the gun."

Cindy skipped to a cupboard and, before I was aware, whipped out her new headgear, and plumped it squarely on my shock head, tying the ribbons tight under my chin. I was a brawny, freckled lad, and there was cause, no doubt, for her shrieks of laughter as she danced around me.

"Oh, Joey, you are a show!" she cried. "Would you like to go to church in it Sunday morning? You must have my petticoat, too, and my new mantle, and my turkey tail fan! Father, father!" raising her voice to a terrible pitch, "come quick, and see our Joey!"

This was too much. The kitchen door stood open—with a leap I gained the garden. My first thought was to strike a bee-line for the Miller house and give my prize openly to Elizabeth; but Cindy was close on my heels. As I dodged through the currant bushes and bean poles, and trampled mother's sage bed, I found that pesky girl gaining on me. I tugged at her infernal bonnet, but the ribbons were in a knot and I couldn't loose them.

At the foot of the garden was an old, disused well that father had partly covered. The curb was gone, and the mouth mostly concealed in brushwood. In my haste I forgot the thing, and blundered straight into it. The water was like ice, and I gave a yell as I went down, striking knees and elbows on the mossy stones. Cindy flew for a rope and a pole and fished me out of the well, and when she had taken off the scoop and rolled me on the grass she cupped me handsomely.

"Hang your bonnet!" said I. "In its present state, Cindy, I wouldn't give more than the gun for it."

Cindy scurried back to the house to dry the scoop, and I was forced to abandon all further attempt to console Elizabeth.

Sunday came. The Manomet meeting house was a sight to behold. All the girls wore the Cape Cod bonnets—all but Elizabeth. She appeared in her old hat, with eyes cast down, as though ashamed of her own shabbiness. But her face was like a white rose, and her brown curls tumbled, thick and free, about her neck and shoulders. As she slipped into the Miller pew, which was

next father's, Cindy, in a lot of new finery, glittered contemptuously behind a hymn book.

Service began. A tall young fellow entered the church and walked down the aisle, glancing around for a vacant seat.

Now every place was filled but the Miller pew, and seeing this, the late comer coolly stepped inside it, and seated himself by Elizabeth.

The girls began to stare and whisper, and turn their befuddled and beribboned heads. Cindy nudged mother, and dropped her Bible with a disgraceful noise. But Capt. Rolfe seemed unaware of the sensation he was creating. He listened soberly to the minister in the high pulpit, found all the hymns for Elizabeth, and joined his deep bass to her clear treble when the congregation sang. As soon as the benediction was pronounced, I leaned over to speak to the Millers, but Rolfe was ahead of me—he already had Elizabeth by the hand.

"Do you remember the morning I went away?" I heard him ask.

"Yes," answered Elizabeth, and she colored beautifully. "I stood at the gate and waved you good-by as you walked down the street."

"You did!" said he; "and you wished me good luck—yep, a little thing, with your curly head hardly above the pickets of the fence! And good luck followed me throughout the voyage, Elizabeth. I think I owe it all to you."

Cindy was bursting with wrath and envy.

"Did you ever see the beat of that?" said she, as we pursued our homeward way together. "And Elizabeth Miller was the only girl in church who didn't wear a new bonnet."

"And who didn't need one," I answered, gloomily. "The rest of you can't hold a tallow dip to Elizabeth."

That night Cindy returned from prayer meeting, and told us that Rolfe had been sitting again in the Miller pew, and that he had gone home through the moonlight with Elizabeth. My heart burned like a hot coal. For hours I tossed sleeplessly, thinking of that whiteman. The next morning he walked into our store, and laid a white bearskin on the counter before Cindy.

"I promised you a present from Greenland, you remember," said he, "and here it is."

I bore my torment for awhile, then I took the old gun that I had offered Cindy as part payment for her bonnet, and started for the beach, where the sea-faring folk were usually to be found.

As I went plunging through the wood, I stumbled against a man who was cutting letters on the trunk of a tree and singing softly to himself as he worked.

"Hello, Joey!" he called, gay as a lark. "Looking for squirrels?"

At once I felt like a fool. I tried to slip the old gun into the bushes.

"Of course," I answered, glibly; "have you seen any hereabouts?"

"No," said the captain. He finished the last letter with a flourish, shut his jackknife and put it in his pocket. I sidled up to the tree, and lo! he had hacked Elizabeth's initials in the green bark.

"Come down to the beach, Joey," said Capt. Jack, "and have a sail with me. There's no wind stirring, but I'll whistle for a capful."

And whistle he did, as we strode down the path—the sweetest, clearest notes I ever heard. And presently something ruffled the water, the little waves began to leap; a cool murmur came up, as it seemed, from the heart of the sea; the captain made the boat ready and we jumped in.

As he trimmed the sail he fell to telling me about his voyages in the South Pacific and the awful white North; of doubling the black precipices of Cape Horn, with floating icebergs threatening the ship on every side. I forgot Elizabeth and the old gun, and when I trudged home my head was full of whaling stations, and blubber, and big fish, and sharp, cliner-built boats, and I acknowledged in my heart that Jack Rolfe was the finest fellow in the world.

But presently the spell which he had thrown upon me passed away, and my jealousy revived. Though I no longer wished to harm the captain, I saw that I must steal a march upon him. At nightfall I went to Elizabeth's house, and found her leaning on the gate. She wore a muslin gown that looked like a white cloud, and some blush roses were dying in her bosom.

"Was it here you stood," I asked, sulkily, "when you wished Capt. Rolfe good luck, as he started on his voyage?"

"Yes, Joey," she answered, in a dreamy voice, "just here."

"Elizabeth," I said, "I want you to promise to marry me when I grow up."

She opened wide her beautiful eyes. "That is a long time ahead, Joey."

"Only five years," I urged. "You and I are of the same age. You ought to be willing to wait for me five years, for I love you tremendously, Elizabeth."

Somebody came up to us on the other side of the gate, and, leaning over, put an arm around my companion.

"Here is another person that loves Elizabeth tremendously," said Capt. Rolfe, with laughter in his voice, "and as he is already grown up, she need not wait to marry him, Joey. Ah, my lad, you are too late—Elizabeth is promised to me. But, cheer up! you shall dance at her wedding."

There is no more to tell. He wasn't the man to let grass grow under his shoes. He married Elizabeth, and carried her off to the other side of the world. And the morning they left the village I wished Cindy had never fished me out of the old well. Even to this far day my heart thrills to the name of Elizabeth.

FOR THE CONSUMER.

FACTS OF VITAL INTEREST REGARDING HOME PATRONAGE.

Menace to Local Prosperity in Contributions to Centralized Wealth of Metropolitan Concerns.

Dear Mr. Consumer: What shall it profit you if in saving \$25, \$50, \$100, \$500 on the one hand you injure yourself \$50, \$100, \$200 or \$1,000 on the other?

We are writing to you at this time, says the Retailers' Journal, of Chicago, to say that we believe every dollar you save by buying goods away from home costs you two.

If you are a farmer, did you ever stop to inquire what makes your land valuable? It is not the land itself, nor you; that's certain.

Suppose your land, with all its great natural fertility, and your splendid methods of cultivation, were located in the middle of Texas, with no other cultivated ground and no railroads within hundreds of miles of it.

It wouldn't be worth much, would it?

The sole reason why your land is of more than nominal value is because your community has grown up around it.

If you acquired your land years ago when the neighborhood in which you live was sparsely settled, you have had the pleasure of watching it grow in value as the community has grown and prospered.

First came the neighboring farms, then the towns, and finally the railroads, which the towns brought near to your land, all contributing to yours and the general prosperity.

It must be clear to you, in the light of history, that your interests can continue to grow and prosper only if the entire community in which you live shall continue to grow and prosper.

If your community goes backward, you go backward; if its growth and prosperity are retarded, the growth and prosperity of your individual interests are retarded.

How, then, can you expect to advance your interests by taking a pound weight from the prosperity of your community for the sake of a temporary, personal gain in the measure of pennies?

The greatest menace to this country is admitted to be the centralization of wealth, which carries with it, under our present economic system, the tendency to build to tremendous proportions a few chosen communities, at the expense of the many less favored ones.

Yet, let us tell you what you of the smaller communities have done in a single year to hasten forward this tendency, instead of resisting it as might have been expected of you:

In the year 1905, out of the money earned in your communities, and belonging to the commerce and industry of your communities, you contributed to two mail order houses alone, located in the city of Chicago, the stupendous sum of \$80,000,000!

Think of this for a moment, and then consider that it is only the beginning, that dozens of other concerns of the same kind gleaned from the farms and the small communities of the land a golden harvest of a size which only can be guessed at.

Startling when you try to realize it all at once, isn't it?

Contract this tremendous accumulation of your money in a few hands, for the benefit of concerns in which you have no interest, located in communities from whose prosperity you derive only remote benefits, with the commercial conditions in your own community.

The two institutions which absorbed \$80,000,000 of your money in one year, although the largest of their kind in the world, still are reaching their hands for more. One already has expended not less than \$1,000,000 for an immense new building, and the other has bought the site for an additional structure which will cost as much.

If the business of these two giants shows the same percentage of increase during the present year as in 1905, their draft upon the country for the year 1906 will be over \$100,000,000!

Will you give it to them?

Superstitions of Farmers.

Farmers "stick to the moon" in regard to planting corn and other crops. Some of them will not under any circumstances plant corn in moonlight nights, claiming that corn planted then will produce a tall stalk with a short ear. Others just as successfully plant when they are ready, when nights are dark or moonlight, as the case may be. Other notions are indulged in, such as throwing the cobs in running water to keep corn from fring. Some farmers would under no consideration burn pinder hulls, the seed of which is to be used for planting; they must be scattered along a path or highway, to be trodden upon in order to secure a good crop. Green butter bean hulls must be thrown in a road after being shelled for table use from day to day to insure a good crop the following season.—Charleston News and Courier

"Hello!" Just Grew.

Did Edison invent the telephone "hello?" I doubt the story. To say "hello" is older than the Edsonian hills. Nothing is more natural than to say "Hello, Tom!" "Hello, Doc!" "Hello, Hank!" "Hello, John!" No one learned it of Edison. Like Topsy, it grew.—N. Y. Press.

In the Usual Way.

Friend—Do thoughts that came to you long ago ever return?

Scribbler—O, yes—if I inclose a stamped envelope.—Stray Stories.

MURDERERS AMONG BIRDS.

Young Ones Confined in Cage Are Poisoned by the Male Parent.

A gentleman who travels much in Central America tells an interesting story about his experience with tropical birds. To put it in his own words, he says: "In cleaning up the site to build the railroad station at Sonsonate in the republic of El Salvador, I left standing a tree called the templeque, which was, and is still, the favorite nesting place for several kinds of birds. With the aid of a ladder one day I secured from the nest some young sinzontes (mocking birds). Fearing that I could not secure the right kind of food for them, I made a rough cage and put them in it. I placed it where the parents of the little captives could take care of their young ones, which they soon did with all the solicitude I expected.

"Excepting the shelter of the wings of their progenitors, and liberty to fly freely in the air, I think they enjoyed every inducement to grow strong and be happy in their comfortable prison. Perhaps the impossibility of getting into the cage made the parent birds more affectionate and assiduous in their visits. When the breeding time arrived, I watched the expectant mother birds gathering feathers, moss and other material with which to build their nests. One of my peons remarked: 'Boss, you better bid adieu to your chicks; their daddies are going to get them poison from the brush.' His remarks made me think of what I had read in natural history at school, that when the African swallow emigrates to Europe the invalids and the very young birds which cannot accompany them are poisoned. Still I did not believe that the parents of my young sinzontes could be so cruel or so wise as to kill my birds. Yet, a few days after, I had the sorrow to find one of my mocking birds stone dead. I took it out and dissected it, hoping to ascertain the nature of the poison. I feared that the peon might be playing a joke on me. I had to abandon the idea when I found in the poor bird's stomach, among other things, a piece of undigested and swollen pink butterfly. All the rest of my prisoners died one after the other, and in the stomach of each I found remains of the swollen pink butterfly. Then I instructed my peons to catch some butterflies, which I fed to the wild mocking birds, and had occasion to observe that they ate them all except the pink ones. These birds were free and wild ones and had an instinctive discretion which made them reject the injurious food. My poor prisoners could not refuse what was put down their throats by their wise parents, who thus brought them poison from the brush."

VALUE OF SNAILS AS FOOD

About 100 Per Cent. More Nutritious Than Oysters, Says Medical Authority.

A dish of snails is hardly ever seen in this country, although in Spain and in France this mollusk is a fairly common article of food among the poor, while it is held in great esteem by the gourmet when it is stewed and garnished with herbs and condiments, says the London Lancet. The suggestion that the snail should form a cheap article of food in this country has been revived and there is nothing to be said against the proposal from a dietetic point of view, for properly cooked, the snail is both nutritious and tasty.

If, however, the suggestion were seriously acted upon, we fear that the supply in this country would prove to be short of the demand. But doubtless the snail could be cultivated as is the oyster when it was found that it had gained a considerable patronage.

The snail has indeed been called "the poor man's oyster," though we do not remember to have seen it eaten raw. We know, however, that it makes an excellent fish sauce and may be used for the same purpose as oyster sauce. Possibly also a few snails in a steak-and-kidney pudding would increase the tastiness of this popular food.

Care must be exercised in the choice of the snail for food purposes, as it is well known that snails feed on poisonous plants, and it is the custom in France to allow a few days to elapse after they have been taken from their feeding ground in order that any poisonous matter may be eliminated.

Most of the snails in France used for edible purposes are collected from the vineyards of Burgundy, Champagne and Lorraine, which, we may be sure, afford a perfectly clean feeding ground for the snail considering the care which is taken to protect the vines from disease.

According to analysis, very nearly 90 per cent. of the solid matter of the snail is proteid matter available directly for repairing the tissues of the body. Beside this, there are about six per cent. of fat and four per cent. of mineral matter, including phosphates. Compared with the oyster, this would show that the snail contains about 100 per cent. more nutritious substances. The suggestion, therefore, that the snail should be used for food is not merely sentimental.

"These Presents."

Many people if asked the meaning of the word "presents" in the phrase "by these presents" would be entirely unable to give it. It means "these present words," or "this present document."

It was familiar enough formerly. In "Love's Labour's Lost" the king asks Jaquenetta, "What present hast thou there?"—the "present" being a letter. Bacon writes that Romulus after his death was said to have sent a "present" to the Roman people bidding them devote themselves to arms. Shakespeare even uses "present" to mean money in hand.

LUCILE'S DIARY.

I think I have more trouble than most girls. I try to be kind and thoughtful for others, but no matter what I do my friends are always getting vexed at me. It's hard to bear, too, when I realize that I put myself out a great deal for people, and more than half the time they don't appreciate it.

Now, there's Alice Maltby, the girl that's visiting Mrs. Greene. I've done a lot to make it pleasant for her. As for her being grateful—well, she's quite the reverse.

I took Canby Fuller to see her and he was really very nice to her for my sake. Canby will do anything I ask him, and when I suggested that he pay her some attention while she was here he said he'd be glad to do so.

I told Canby that it was only right to be kind to a homely girl like Alice. I said I thought she was entitled to some pleasure even if she wasn't a beauty. Canby looked rather surprised at this. I suppose he didn't realize that I'd be so thoughtful. I told him, too, that I intended to show her how to arrange her hair more becomingly, for I thought it was a real pity for her to make herself any less attractive than she really was by wadding her hair into that ugly big knot at the back of her head. He said that was Grecian, and I laughed at him for knowing so little about hairdressing.

The funny part of it is that when I offered to show Alice how to do her hair more stylishly she thanked me and said she preferred to continue wearing it in her usual way. Several persons, she said, had assured her that it just suited her classic profile. I wonder if Canby could have told her that awkward bun was Grecian. He may have done it, thinking it would please me, for he knew I wanted him to be kind to her. But I didn't expect him to make silly, flattering speeches like that.

Canby invited Alice and me to go to the theater. That is, he remarked to me that he should like to take us, so I selected a play that I wished very much to see and then rang up Alice and asked her to go with Canby and me. It turned out that she had seen the play in New York in the winter before she came here, but it was the only thing in town that I thought worth while, so I didn't say anything to Canby about her having seen it. Really it was the best thing here, and I new Canby well enough to know that he'd want to take us to the best.

If Alice Maltby was a tactful girl she would not have let Canby know that she had seen the play before. It was very inconsiderate of her when he asked if she knew the story of it to own right up to that she had seen it in New York. It would have been much more unselfish of her to evade the subject. I felt sorry for Canby, for he was naturally disappointed. He had thought he was giving her a new pleasure and he knew how anxious I was for him to make her have a good time, so, of course, the poor fellow was quite uncomfortable because he hadn't chosen another play.

He proposed going to supper after the theater and at first Alice didn't want to. She said she wasn't used to going to restaurants at night without a chaperon. I told Canby that I was simply starved and if he didn't wish to take me home in a fainting condition he'd have to give me something to eat. Alice consented then and we had a delicious little supper at one of the nicest places in town. I was so glad to have her see that particular restaurant, for I don't believe she'll have another chance.

It was dreadfully late when we got back to the Greenes, where Alice is staying. I asked Canby to look at his watch just as we were starting up the steps of the house, and when he struck a match and told what time it was I was frightened, because father hates to have me out late at night. Mother told me only last week that he said he wouldn't stand for it, so I warned Canby that we must hurry.

"Don't wait to watch Alice into the house," I said. "She is all right, and if we don't simply fly we'll lose the next car. You don't mind, do you, Alice?"

"No-o-o," she answered, ungraciously. She didn't seem to realize how important it was for me to get home before it was much later.

Canby stood for a second hesitating. Then I turned and ran rapidly down the steps and there was nothing for him to do but follow. He called out: "Good night, I'm awfully sorry, Miss Maltby, to leave you so informally," and then we rushed on to catch the car.

This morning I called up Alice to have a little chat with her about last night. She was positively chilly over the telephone. She said that Canby had her latchkey in his pocket and that she stood on the porch ringing the bell 20 minutes before she could get about feeling ashamed of having to deal Mr. Greene up at that unearthly hour. She really seemed to think, I believe, judging from the tone of her voice, that it was all my fault.

It will be just like her to tell Canby about it, too, and I suppose he will think I ought not to have hurried him away. It's absurd for me to be blamed for Canby's forgetfulness, especially when I was trying so hard to do what was right by getting home before father should begin to worry about me. Father is so cross and unreasonable when he is worried.—Chicago Daily News.

More Characteristic.

"That millionaire baby up in Fifth avenue can make its first articulate sounds."

"Goo-goo, I suppose?"

"No, dough, dough!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

DOC'S PLACE IN FICTION.

Famous Novelist Who Does Not Conceal His Admiration for Them.

We will venture to own that it was with a sense of something purposely banal in his answer, when the other day we asked a young novelist whether he had ever thought of taking an animal for a hero, and he replied: "Yes, a dog!"

Dogs have been heroes almost from the moment they ceased to be wolves and foxes and turned upon their savage ancestors in defense of their new found human friends, writes W. D. Howells, in Harper's Magazine. There is doubtless something to be said on the side of the wolves and foxes in the matter; one can see how they might well accuse the dogs of race treason; but there is a point of view which no believer in the heroism of dogs will take.

"Allow," we imagine such a one urging "that the wolves and foxes are right in much that they claim. Admit, for the sake of argument, that dogs are filthy brutes, with habits that no wolf or fox would indulge; that they bring fleas into the house, and a bad smell; that they go straight from a perfumed bath, the curled darlings of tender mistresses, and seize the first occasion of rolling in carrion; that they are worse than swinish in their diet if permitted to indulge their preferences; that in guarding the shepherd's flock by night they will sup on the lambs of neighboring folds if opportunity offers; that they are nervous and hysterical, and that they will rouse the household to watch over with a thousand false alarms, and then yield to the first burglar who tempts them with a bit of meat; that knowing the superior intelligence of their own species, they have such a low taste for society that they will rather consort with the stupidest little boy, or the greatest blackguard of a man, or the silliest doil of a woman, than with the best and wisest dog that ever was; that they are vain, jealous, vindictive and cruel; that their peculiarly excitable temperament renders them to the most dreadful of diseases, especially in a state of high domestication, when they go mad and uncontrollably bite their dearest friends who presently expire in inexpressible torment; that in the country they minister mainly to the idleness of man, and in towns are an unmitigated nuisance. But what of all that? Do they not throttle venomous serpents about to bite infants in their cribs and then suffer themselves to be precipitately slain by the rash fathers who mistake the blood of the reptile for that of their offspring? Do they not constantly save children from drowning? Do they not come and notify people that their masters are lying helpless from injury or exhaustion in waste places, and pull at the garments of the incredulous till they go to the rescue?"

It may be confessed that arguments like these leave the wolves and foxes scarcely a leg to stand on, and establish the dog almost unassailably in that quality of hero in which he has yet been adequately, or at least coherently, painted. His heroism illustrates a thousand anecdotes and a hundred short stories, but it does not yet illumine a sustained fiction, say, of 120,000 words.

OLD CLOTHES BROUGHT OUT

Cast-Offs That Come to Light and Delight the Heart of the Owner.

"It's an odd circumstance," he remarked, as he whisked himself and critically surveyed himself in the glass preparatory to going out for a nibble at crackers and cheese and a glance at the latest tract, may be, "it's queer, but you'll take off a suit and hang it in the closet forever and a day. You'll vow that you've worn it for the last time. It's shiny in the back and on the seams, and there's a suspicion of fringe at the end of the sleeves and trousers, the collar is grimy and the color is faint in places. For weeks you've been ashamed of that suit, and now you're through with it for keeps."

"What I'm coming at is that 10 or 11 months later, hard pressed for clothing and money, in desperation you'll hunt through that closet and be tickled half to death to come across that same discarded and forgotten suit. It's as bright as a new dollar, it isn't worn, it fits well and you're so proud of it you hate to hide it under an overcoat, even if it is freezing outside. This is one of that kind of suits and I'd like to know what's the matter with it."

"Nothing, as far as I can see," replied the man who had been compelled to listen, "but you must live in a queer house and have a peculiar sort of wife. I've never laid hands on one of my old suits since I was married. My wife gives them away or sells them. If I'm sick in bed two days she gives away my clothes. I see them afterward, of course; keep passing them and repassing them on the streets. Sometimes they startle me and make me wonder if I'm I. I don't know whether the men who are sporting them are deserving pensioners of my wife or not. I hope to goodness that all of them aren't her friends."

Skippers' Town.

Searport, Me., is a town of many skippers, having been represented on the high seas by 142 captains of full-rigged ships. The year 1855 was the best in her history in this respect, for Searport then had 77 captains in active service. They were not all residents of the town, but all either lived there or were born there, so that was the place they hailed from.

WEATHER FORECAST:
Tomorrow: Fair.

THE EVENING NEWS.

TEMPERATURE TODAY:
At 3 p. m., 80 degrees.

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

VOLUME 3

ADA, INDIAN TERRITORY, FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 25, 1906

NUMBER 55

HOT WEATHER REQUISITES Two Piece Suits

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TRYING TO PATCH UP FIVE TRIBES BILL

Washington, May 25.—Senator Clapp has introduced a bill to supply an omission in the five tribes bill that would, if reported, inflict serious injury upon a number of Indians entitled to allotments. In the five tribes bill it was noted if the Secretary of the Interior should not consider the application of anyone for enrollment who has not established by documentary evidence his citizenship status, and whose name is not on the roll prepared by the Dawes Commission.

It transpires that the Dawes Commission has made a number of errors in the making of the rolls, so that, under the five tribes act, those who suffered

thereby would be stopped from proving their claims. The bill which Senator Clapp has introduced is designed to correct that. It directs the Secretary to cor-

A CHANCE AFTER ALL FOR NEW COURT TOWNS

Washington, May 25.—There is a bare probability that after all four court towns will be created in Indian Territory by the Indian appropriation bill. The conferees who have had the bill under consideration more than two weeks, and who will probably make a report today, have once concluded to strike out all reference to this matter. They yielded to this temptation because of their inability to compromise the rivalries of the eleven towns that were striving to be made court towns.

But since then some one has raised the question whether the conference committee may eliminate from the bill the names of those towns upon which both houses agreed when the bill passed through them. That question has not been definitely answered.

If it should be answered negatively, then Wilburton, Bartlesville, Duncan and Tulsa will get courts by virtue of the Indian appropriation bill, for amendments including these were agreed to by both houses.

AGREEMENT ON INDIAN APPROPRIATION BILL

Washington, May 25.—Complete agreement has been reached by the conferees on the Indian appropriation bill on all points of dispute between the Senate and House and the report was signed yesterday.

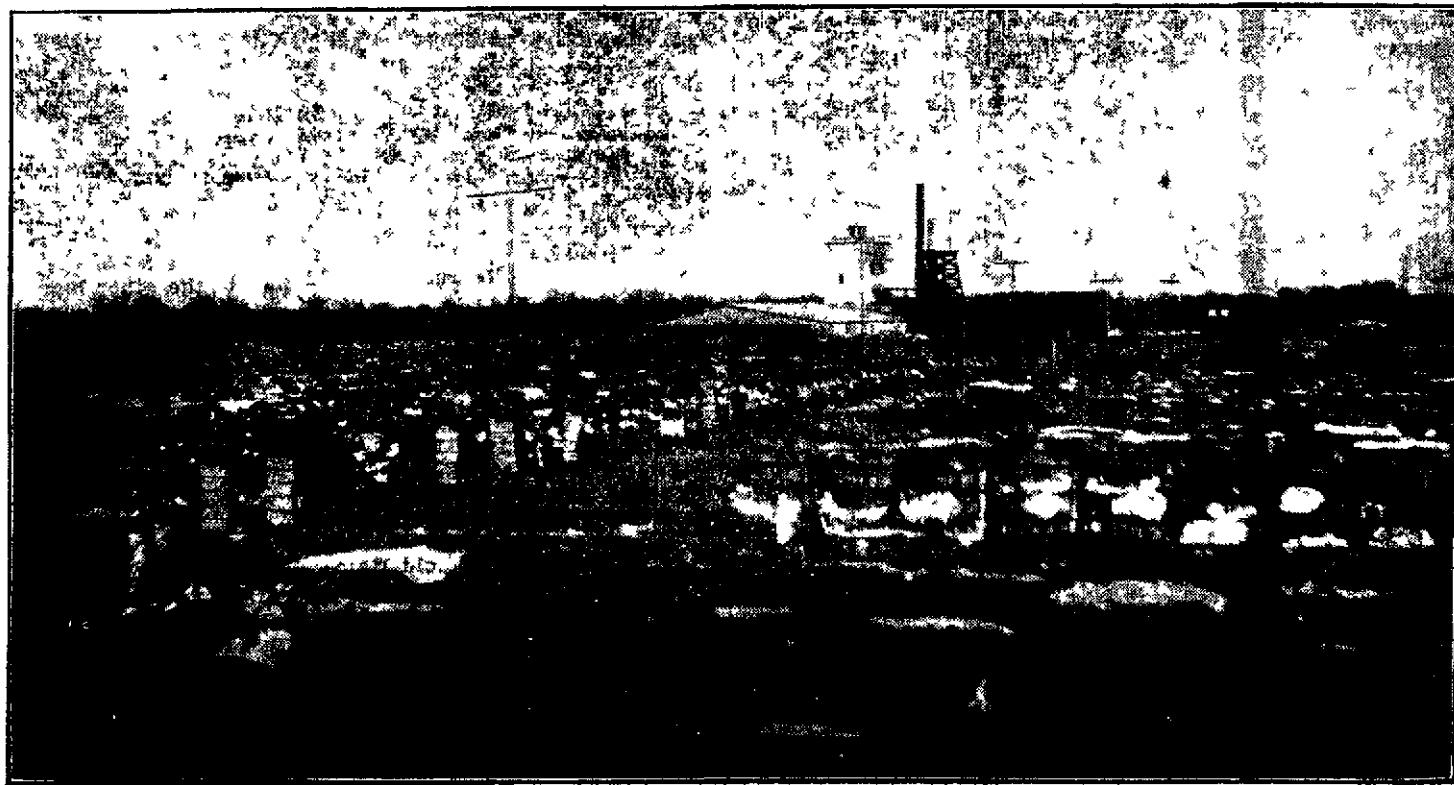
A compromise provision relating to the coal lands of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations was adopted by the conferees as follows:

That the Secretary of the Interior is hereby authorized and directed to make practical and exhaustive investigation of the character and extent and value of the coal deposits in and under the segregated coal lands of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations, Indian Territory, and the expense thereof, not to exceed the sum of \$50,000, shall be paid out of the funds of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations in the treasury of the United States provided that any and all information obtained under the provisions of this act shall be available at all times for the use of congress and its committees.

Murder and Mob Law Discovered.

Oklahoma City, Ok., May 25.—It has been learned here that a double murder to cover robbery, followed by lynching, has occurred in the mountains in the Chickasaw nation. The affair occurred two weeks ago. The participants in the tragedy were mountaineers who agreed among themselves to keep the affair secret.

Two weeks ago an unknown man went to the home of R. T. Tutt, who lives near the base of one mountain and demanded food. He was refused by Mrs. Tutt who found it necessary to enforce her refusal by the display of a gun. A few days later, a nearby farm house, occupied by two maiden women, was broken into. The sisters were shot in their endeavor to protect themselves and robbed of \$700 in cash. Neighbors discovered the deed and a posse was organized. The murderer was trailed to the woods and upon his discovery was shot down in cold blood.



ADA COTTON COMPRESS

ber of Indians entitled to allotments. In the five tribes bill it was noted if the Secretary of the Interior should not consider the application of anyone for enrollment who has not established by documentary evidence his citizenship status, and whose name is not on the roll prepared by the Dawes Commission.

It transpires that the Dawes Commission has made a number of errors in the making of the rolls, so that, under the five tribes act, those who suffered

rect the enrollment of any person who, at the time of his enrollment had a tribal status as a member of either of the Five Civilized Tribes in Indian Territory, as shown by the governmental records, and who, by mistake or error, was by the Commission to the Five Civilized Tribes deprived of such status.

Bloomer Tea. Benefit Cemetery Association. At Mrs. Chaney's Saturday afternoon 3 to 8. Only 10 cents.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES FORMALLY AMALGAMATED

Decatur, Ill., May 25.—Yesterday was the memorable day of the assembly in the Presbyterian world it will go down in history.

"The joint report of two committees on reunion and union and the recitals and resolutions there-

in contained and recommended for adoption having been adopted by the general assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America and the gener-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE)

EDWIN CLAPP SHOES

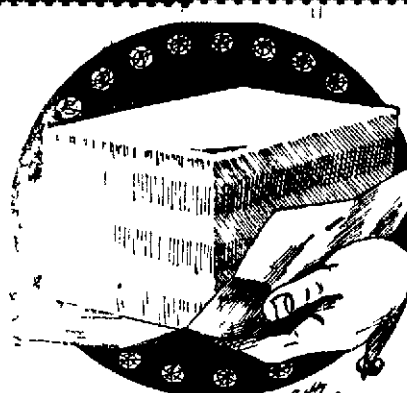
In the new shapes, Patent Oxfords and Shoes sold for \$8.00 and \$8.50, reduced to.....\$4 95

Vici and Tan Oxfords and Shoes. the new shapes, sold for \$5.00, reduces to.....\$4 20

All the Ladies' Oxfords, Patent, Vici, Tans and White Canvas go at reduced prices.

Have you seen the Burrow Jap Patent Men's Oxfords. They are warranted not to break. Sold for.....4 00 Call soon while the prices are low.

I. HARRIS.



Many Flavors to One Brick or Each Flavor Separate

Ice Cream

by the piece or quantity. Pure and delicious in either case. Cooling and nourishing. The richest country cream and finest flavors are used in the production of our Ice Cream, and the greatest care is taken to have it and our Water Ices the best in the city.

Crystal Ice Cream Co.

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Horses Boarded by Day or Week. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Best of Service.

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OVERDRAFTS

It is becoming well known by business men that overdrafts, whether large or small, are not approved by the comptroller of the currency. The large central banks allow overdrafts only in a very small way, and this matters not how small, is not approved by the powers that be. This unbusinesslike habit of overdrafting is growing out of advancing moving products, such as cotton, grain and fat stock on the move. The overdraft system is wrong and the man whose account is always overdrawn is the man who spends more money than he makes and will finally have no bank account.

Ada National Bank.

Capital and Surplus, \$33,500. Ada, Ind. Ter.

ADA EVENING NEWS.

OFFICIAL CITY PAPER.

OTIS B. WEAVER PUBLISHER
M. D. STEINER, BUSINESS MANAGER

Entered as Second class matter March 28, 1904, at the Postoffice at Ada, Indian Territory, under the Act of Congress March 8, 1869.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

THE CAUSE OF ROOSEVELT'S RETREAT.

Touching the President's recent sensational summersault on the rate bill, followed by the humiliating exposure of his action at the hands of Senators Bailey, Tillman and Chandler, special correspondence from Washington makes a rather startling revelation. The correspondent boldly describes the President's motive as follows:

"We all know that not long ago the President came out in a brave message to the Congress and proceeded to cuss out the Standard Oil Company in the most approved fashion. He did not care so much about hurting the Standard Oil Company as to show up the iniquity of the rebate system which has been the basis of the Rockefeller millions, and which have been handed him by the railroads. He thought by this play to help along his railroad rate bill and help get the very amendment that he and Tillman and Bailey had agreed on. There is no doubt that it had some effect and that the message would have helped to get some Republican votes that were wavering, but just then something happened that Teddy was not looking for. His bluff was called and he had to lay down and lose all in sight, or else not only that but everything in his pockets.

"That night two men came over from New York and called at the White House. They were closeted with the President for several hours and then they took the midnight train back to New York. Those two men were two of the Standard Oil Company's chief magnates. Mr. John D. Archbold and Mr. H. H. Rogers. They told Teddy in no equivocal language that unless he called a halt right then and there and took the back track on this whole railroad rate business and saw things as the Senators who had been fighting for the unlimited court review, that he would open up on him and tell the whole story to the country concerning the campaign contribution to the Republican campaign fund made by the Standard Oil Company in the last campaign. That they would tell that he knew when it was given and why and how much it was before it ever reached the hands of Mr. Cortelyou, thus proving that Alton B. Parker told the truth and that 'Teddy told a lie in the last campaign. That's what made him shiver and turn traitor to the people.'"

The elusive Wickliffe outlaws are still eluding. The posses continue hotly to pursue and have them all but corralled. Interest is sustained by showers of yellow dispatches. It's a bonanza for the saffron press.

NICE ASPARAGUS DISHES.

This Delicate Vegetable May Be Used for Soup and Salad, Creamed and with Eggs.

The Ladies' World has an interesting article by Mary Foster Snider giving direction on how to cook asparagus in different ways and make savory dishes. Attention is called to the fact that difficulty is often experienced in properly cooking this vegetable. It is suggested by this writer that if the stalks are cut into equal length and then stood upright in the sauce pan after being immersed in water to two-thirds of the way to the tips so that the latter is cooked by the steam only, there is less danger of over cooking the tips while the butts are not underdone. A half hour cooking is said to be enough by this method, unless the butts are unusually tough. Of course the coarse butts should always be removed.

Asparagus Soup.—Wash a large bunch of asparagus, cut off the tips, cover the stalks with cold water, and boil five minutes, then drain. Then cover with three pints of soup stock and add a third of the reserved tips. Cook until the asparagus is soft enough to press through a sieve or colander, and leave only the fiber behind, then return the soup and pulp to the fire, season to taste and bring it to a boil; drop in the remainder of the tips, which have been cooked gently in another saucepan until tender. Heat one cupful of cream or rich milk in another boiler, and thicken with two level tablespoonfuls each of flour and butter rubbed smoothly together, add to the soup and let boil a few minutes longer, then serve at once with croutons.

Cream of Asparagus Soup.—Cook one bunch of asparagus in one quart of water with a sprig of onions. When the asparagus is tender, rub all through a sieve, mashing and rubbing through all but the fiber. Return the pulp and soup to the fire, season with salt, white pepper and celery salt, and add one pint of milk. Let it come to a boil, thicken with one level tablespoonful each of flour and butter rubbed smoothly together, and simmer ten minutes longer.

Escalloped Asparagus.—Boil asparagus until tender, then drain, and place a layer in a buttered baking dish which has been well sprinkled with bread-crumbs. Sprinkle the asparagus with chopped hard-boiled eggs, pepper, salt and grated cheese, and proceed in this way until a pan is full, having the top layer of asparagus. Pour over it a cupful of thin white sauce, sprinkle with buttered crumbs, and brown delicately in a hot oven.

Asparagus in Baskets.—Make good baking powder biscuits, hollow them out, and fill with creamed asparagus. Serve very hot with cream sauce.

passed in a sauce boat.

Asparagus with Eggs.—Boil asparagus until tender, then place in a buttered baking-dish; season delicately with salt, pepper, and a pinch of nutmeg. Beat the yolks of four eggs until light, add two tablespoonfuls of cream, two level teaspoonfuls of butter, a little more seasoning, and the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth. Pour over the asparagus, set in a hot oven, and bake until the eggs are set.

Asparagus Salad.—Ice cooked asparagus tips and mix them lightly with finely-minced young onion. Serve ice-cold in little nests of tender lettuce leaves with a little French dressing poured over. A cream mayonnaise is also a delightful accompaniment, and especially if the ice asparagus tips are mixed with an equal amount of iced green peas.

Chicken Asparagus Casserole.—Mash one cupful of cold cooked asparagus with one cupful of hot mashed potatoes, add one-half cupful of fine dry bread-crumbs, salt and pepper to taste, and two well-beaten eggs. Form into little boxes or baskets, brush with soft butter, sprinkle well with fine bread-crumbs, and set in a hot oven until heated through. Fill with diced creamed chicken or veal, which has been kept hot on the top of the stove, and serve at once. Careful handling is necessary with these pretty and delicious little casses.—Prairie Farmer

COOKING APRICOTS.

A New Dish Accidentally Evolved Which Proved Very Pleasing and Also Economical.

A cook the other day accidentally evolved a new dish. In stewing apricots, she found that she had more juice—which was really a thick sirup, so much sugar had been used—than she wished to send to the table with the fruit. She therefore soaked a little gelatine, and poured over it the hot apricot juice, to which she had added a very little—half a teaspoonful—bitter almond extract. When the gelatine was thoroughly dissolved and mixed with the juice, she poured the mixture in a mold, using for the purpose one of the cake tins that have fluted sides and a hole in the middle. The next day she carefully removed the jelly to a rich dark-blue platter, where it looked very pretty with its orange coloring. The hole in the center was filled with whipped cream, and a dessert sent to the family that cost almost nothing of either money or labor. Of course a ring mold could be used to even better advantage.

A very good shortcake is made from the best quality of canned apricots. Drain the juice away from the fruit, and cut it in small pieces. Set in a warm place, and proceed to mix the cake. This calls for one cupful of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, and half a teaspoonful of salt sifted together. Into this work four tablespoonfuls of butter, add three-fourths of a cupful of milk, and stir into a light dough. Roll in a floured bowl, and when one-fourth of an inch thick cut into generous squares. Brush the squares with melted butter, lay one on top of the other, and bake in a hot oven. When done, separate the pieces, spread the fruit between the layers and on top, and pile whipped cream over all. A sweet sauce which may be served with the shortcake is made by adding to a cupful of the fruit juice one tablespoonful of cornstarch wet in a little water and boiled for a few minutes. A tablespoonful of butter is melted into the sauce and a tablespoonful of lemon juice is added just before serving.—N. Y. Post

EASILY GROWN VINES.

Boston Ivy and Virginia Creeper Two Stand-By-Some Beautiful Blossoming Vines.

Not alone may the veranda be beautified with vines. The wall of a brick or stone house may be given a living coat of green, which will be a joy to the lovers of nature. The Boston Ivy and the Virginia creeper, two vines known through America, cling to walls without support, and so are especially useful for this purpose. The former is not as hardy as the latter, but in the middle and southern latitudes it succeeds well and forms a beautiful mass against a wall. The Virginia creeper is perfectly hardy. It will hide ugly stone fences, outbuildings and dead trees, transforming them into things of beauty.

The rapid growing Virgin's Bower is an excellent vine for a veranda, giving a dense shade. It presents a snowy bank of star-shaped white flowers of delightful fragrance, which last for several weeks. A companion variety, Clematis coccinea, has rose-colored flowers, which resemble half-

closed rose buds from a distance. The wistaria is a good vine for a trellis, but is somewhat coarse for most verandas, being better suited for the rustic house or pergola, where its delightful purple flowers hang in graceful profusion. The Crimson Rambler rose vine is perhaps one of the surest, hardiest and most satisfactory of vines, admirably suited for the veranda or almost any other place. It grows rapidly and blooms in great abundance. Bitter sweet is an excellent vine of rich foliage, which becomes highly colored in the autumn and is often followed by a mass of scarlet fruit, which hangs for a long time.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Peppers Stuffed with Cold Ham.

Use six large green peppers. Scrape out clean and fill them with a mixture of one cup of minced ham, one cup of bread-crumbs and one tablespoonful of butter. Put into a baking dish with a half pint of strained tomatoes seasoned with salt and pepper and a tablespoonful of sugar. Bake for three quarters of an hour.

Rolled Sponge Cake.

Beat the yolks of three eggs with one cup sugar and two tablespoonfuls sweet milk. Beat the whites stiff and thoroughly mix with the yolks and sugar. Sift one cup flour with one heaping teaspoon baking powder and add to the other ingredients. Flavor to taste. Put in an oblong pan and bake at once in a moderate oven. Bake it light, to avoid cracking in rolling. While hot remove from the pan, lay on a towel wet in cold water and spread with currant jelly. Roll at once and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Luncheon Rolls.

Make a good biscuit dough and roll it rather thinner than for biscuit. Cut into pieces about three inches square. Wet the edges with cold water and in the center of each square put a heaping tablespoonful of cooked meat, well seasoned and chopped fine. Fold the opposite corners together, pinching the edges so that they will not come apart in baking and bake for about 15 minutes in a hot oven.

IF YOU ARE THE INDIVIDUAL

Who never got a bargain at a Special Sale, come to this store and price any one of the three items we are driving for these few days only.

HATS, PANTS AND SHOES

We want your business by virtue of merit. Satisfaction to the fullest.

T.J. CHAMBLESS



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Ada, Ind. Ter.



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EAST BOUND TRAINS
No. 510 Meteor, 4:48 p. m.
No. 512 Eastern Exp., 9:45 a. m.
No. 542 Local Freight, 8:45 p. m.
WEST BOUND TRAINS
No. 509 Meteor, 8:58 a. m.
No. 511 Texas Pass, 7:15 p. m.
No. 541 Local Freight, 7:45 a. m.
Local freight trains carry passengers provided with permits. Ten per cent saved on the purchase of round trip tickets.
I. McNair, Agent

St. Louis, Hannibal, Kansas City, Junction City, Oklahoma City, in the North, and all points beyond.
Houston, Dallas, Fort Worth, San Antonio, Galveston, in Texas.
NORTH BOUND
No. 112 Express, daily, 3:55 p. m.
No. 564 Local, except Sunday, 12:15 a. m.
SOUTH BOUND
No. 111 Express, daily, 11:10 a. m.
No. 563 Local, except Sunday, 1:55 p. m.

THE SUNSET ROUTE

OCEAN to OCEAN

Offers the Best

Fast Trains, Latest Dining, Sleeping and Observation Cars Between

New Orleans and California, Daily

Through Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, and will carry you over the

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that you read so much and hear so much about from the press and the people. Oil burning loco motives all the way, no smoke, no cinders. For beautiful illustrated literature and other information, see nearest Sunset Ticket Agent

THE NEWS' SOUVENIR ALBUM

Will Portray Ada and Ada Country in Beautiful Half Tone Pictures Made From

Actual Photographs

There will be Nearly 150 Views and no Expense is being spared in Compiling the Work

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PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

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Kidney... Medicine

Cures Quickly and Permanently

Accept no substitute. Insist on having the genuine PRICKLY ASH BITTERS with the large figure 3 in red on the front label

SOLD EVERYWHERE PRICE \$1.00

LOCAL NEWS

Phone in your news.
Try the News for job work.
See P. K. Smith for up-to-date photo work. 152-1f
D.E. Price is spending a couple of days in the country.
Uptodate suits made to order at Chitwood's. 1f 35
Mrs. McKendree, who has been ill for the past week, is better.
Cleaning and repairing. See Chitwood the Tailor. 1f 35
Mary Price is spending a few days with friends in Tyrola.
Dr. Bizant, dentist, over Ada National Bank. 1f 279
George Brumley of Sulphur Springs, Texas, is here today.
Furnished south room for rent, close in. Mrs. R. F. King, West Twelfth street. 51-1f
W. A. Alexander went to Coal-gate today.
L. H. Woodard's little daughter is better today.
Marshal Brents is at home sick today.
Miss Ella Warren is reported as being on the sick list today.
Miss Eula Clare Sims is better today.
J. W. Bohannon of Midland was here today.
Make your wants known to Duffal & Dodson, Groceries and Feed. Phone 92. 1f 812
Mrs. W. H. Fisher, who has been ill for the past three days, is better today.
Wedding announcements—the uptodate kind—at the News office.
Attorney Holt returned this morning from an out of town trip.
Help the Cemetery Association by attending the Bloomer Tea Saturday afternoon 3-6. 10 cents. 1t
Attorney J. P. Crawford is confined to his home by illness brought on by over work.
Frank Jones, cashier at the Ada National, is at Stonewall today.
Dr. B. H. Erb, dentist, Henley & Biles building. Phone No. 1. 233-1f
Charley Barnard and sister, Mabel, of Holdenville, are guests of Miss Cora Barnard.
Remember, you will be expected at the Bloomer Tea. There'll be good things to eat. 1t
Mrs. P. A. Norris expects to leave soon for Hot Springs, Ark., in the hope of recuperating.
If you don't know what a Bloomer Tea is go to Mrs. Chan-acey's on Saturday and see. 1t
Mrs. Atwood of Newberry, I. T., and Mrs. Lula B. Hutchinson of Allen are guests of Mrs. M. B. Donaghey.
Ben Balderson, operator at the Katy station, has a leave of absence and will spend it with his people in Beatrice, Nebraska.
Mrs. J. F. McKeel has taken her baby to Ft. Worth for treatment. It has been very ill for some time.
Clyde Meaders will leave tomorrow for Sulphur Springs, Texas, to spend a few days with relatives.
Judge Winn, during the three days he held court at Sulphur disposed of 81 criminal cases and 10 civil cases.
W. D. Hays, deputy cashier of the Citizens National Bank, and E. W. Simpson, of the Surprise Store, are in the country today.

Do You Need Shoes?

If you want a pair of Shoes that combine style, elegance and individuality with the best leather and excellent workmanship, why not try ours? You will be satisfied with your selection. The latest correct styles for men, women and children

CHAPMAN
The Shoe Man.

The Ladies of the Maccabees have been called to meet with Mrs. Bob Brents Saturday afternoon at 2:30.

I have strawberry plants of a choice variety for sale now at 40c per 100, \$3.00 per \$1,000. Orders to receive attention must be placed before the 29th inst. 2t 55
A. D. Swank.

Judge Winn will hold court at Stonewall Monday. He and his family will then spend the rest of the week on his ranch, near there. The Judge likes to get away from court for awhile and revel in the joys of rural life.

A good sized crowd attended the carnival last night and quite a snug sum was netted for the hand boys and members of the fire department. The shows are clean and everyone who goes seems to have a good time.

Notice!

The Woodmen Circle will meet Friday afternoon at two o'clock for the purpose of paying dues and transacting other business. 53-2t The Guardian and Clerk.

Marriage Licenses.

John Bolin, aged 54, to Nora Trimble, aged 24, both of Bebee. John Ingram, 24, Laura Luther, 16, both of Ada. S. P. Griffin, 48, Clara Kitrell, both of Chism.

Notice.

There will be a meeting of the Lady Macabees Saturday evening at 2:30. Every member earnestly requested to be present as we have business of importance. 1t Maud Brents, L. C.

Taken to Texas.

Luther Jeffries was arrested yesterday at Francis by Marshal Brents. He was wanted at Bonham, Texas, for stealing a horse three years ago. An officer from Bonham came here and got him last night.

A Large Attendance.

The largest crowd of the week was out last night on the midway and judging from all appearances the young people enjoyed themselves very highly throwing confetti and riding the carousel.

The shows were all well patronized and the management is to be congratulated on having a bunch of shows that are moral and strictly uptodate in every respect. The free contortion act is a feature of the carnival and one must see it to appreciate the good work of the performer.

Everyone who attended the carnival last night returned home well satisfied, and expressions of praise for Manager Younger and his company were heard on all sides and no doubt a much larger crowd will be in attendance tonight.

We can cheerfully say the shows are as clean and moral as any show which has visited our city. 1t

A Mountain of Gold

could not bring as much happiness to Mrs. Lucia Wilke, of Caroline, Wis., as did one 25c box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, when it completely cured a running sore on her leg which had tortured her 23 long years. Greatest antiseptic healer of piles, wounds and sores. 25c at G. M. Ramsey's and Dr. F. Z. Holley's drug store.

Prickly Ash Bitters cures the kidneys, regulates the liver, tones up the stomach and purifies the bowels.

Deaths From Appendicitis

decrease in the same ratio that the use of Dr. King's New Life Pills increases. They save you from danger and bring quick and painless release from constipation and the ills growing out of it. Strength and vigor always follow their use. Guaranteed by G. M. Ramsey and Dr. F. Z. Holley, druggists. 25c. Try them.

M. K. T. Special

Round trip rates From Ada I. T.:
St. Paul, Minn., May 28 to 31, \$26.85.
San Francisco, Cal., June 25 to July 7, \$52.
Mexico City, Mexico, June 25 to July 7, \$40.
Chattanooga, Tenn., May 10 to 15, \$24.85.
Portland, Ore., June 18 to 22, \$47.55.
Springfield, Ill., May 31 to June 1 and 2, \$21.00.
Omaha, Neb., July 10 to 18, \$17.10.
Denver, Col., July 10 to 15, \$23.70.

C. F. Orchard,
Agent.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES FORMALLY AMALGAMATED

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

al assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church and official notice of such adoption having been received by each of the said general assemblies from the other, I solemnly declare and here publicly announce that the basis of reunion and union is now in full force and effect and that the Cumberland Presbyterian Church is now reunited with the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America as one church and that the official records of the two churches during the period of separation shall be preserved and held as making up the history of the one church."

Such was the formal announcement of the moderator of the assembly making the two churches one.

Double Tragedy at Shawnee.

Shawnee, Ok., May 25.—The dead bodies of James Reed, grocer, and Miss Ollie Jones of Tecumseh were found yesterday three miles south of this city. Their horse and buggy was standing near by hitched to a pole. Reed was aged 48 and the girl was 18. Two shots fired into her head instantly killed her. Reed also received two shots in his head, dying immediately.

Announcer of Cyclones.

Guthrie, Ok., May 25.—The town council of Ringwood, where a city cyclone cellar was constructed, has appointed an official crier, who must arouse the townspeople in case of an approaching windstorm and summon all to the cellar.

Shot and Fatally Wounded.

Muskogee, I. T., May 25.—Jill Barker, a young man living about six miles east of this city, was shot and fatally wounded by another young man as they were going home from Muskogee Wednesday. His assailant jumped out of the wagon and succeeded in making his escape on foot.

Received Their Friends.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Donaghey received a number of their friends last night at their lovely home in the suburbs. The porch and lawns were beautifully lighted with electric lights and presented an attractive appearance. Small tables, each containing a superb bouquet of roses, were placed on the lawn and refreshments consisting of ice cream garnished with strawberries, and cake were served the guests. Mrs. Atwood of Newberry and Mrs. Lula B. Hutchinson of Allen and Misses Freasey of Roff were out of town guests.

Subscribe for the News.



Travel Right

When you have occasion to travel, use the same discrimination in buying a ticket that you would in buying anything else. Assure yourself in advance of what you may expect in the way of comfort and convenience en route.

The Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad

with through trains (over its own rails) from St. Louis and Kansas City in the north, to San Antonio and Galveston in the south, offers a ready solution to the vexed question—"How to go?"

If there is any information you would like about a prospective trip, write me. I'll gladly give you the information and if possible have my representative call on you and personally assist you in every way. Think of my offer when you next have occasion to travel. Address:

W. S. ST. GEORGE,
General Passenger & Ticket Agt.
Wainwright Bldg., St. Louis.

Tickets are on sale everywhere, via Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway

DR. THOS. H. GRANGER, D. D.S.
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Office
ESTABLISHED 1901.
OVER FIRST NATIONAL BANK.
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WANTS

FOR RENT:—Two three room houses on W. 14th street. Mrs. Julia Fleming. 3t 54

FOR RENT:—Furnished room. Mrs. Worthington, W. 14th St. 3t 54

FOR RENT:—Good four room house, well, barn, stormhouse, etc. A. K. Thornton, care of W. M. Freeman & Co. 40-1f

Cheap Rates to Denver.

Will sell daily until May 31st round trip tickets to the above point at greatly reduced rates.

Tickets limited to May 31st, except tickets sold during month of May to be limited thirty days. For full information see Frisco agent or address
I. McNair, Agent, Ada, I. T.
D. C. Farrington, T. P. A., Oklahoma City, Okla.
F. E. Clark, D. P. A., Wichita, Kansas.

To those who have had a photo made of their home for News' Souvenir Album, may obtain some of the photos at a great reduced price of the Peerless Portrait Co. 39-1f

If You Were

"BRED IN OLD KENTUCKY"

You should take advantage of the

Extremely Low Rates

TO

Louisville, Ky.

For the Occasion of the
Home Coming of Kentuck-
ians, June 13th to 17th

THE



Will operate Through Cars from many points.

Rate, one fare plus \$2.00. Tickets sold June 11-12 13, from all stations. Open to Everybody.

For rates, routes, maps and other information apply to your nearest Frisco Agent or

D. C. Farrington, T. P. A., Oklahoma City, Okla.
F. E. Clark, D. P. A., Wichita, Kansas.

LOANS

On Dead Claims, Intermarried Surplus and where Restrictions Are Removed. Improved City Property or to build.

Correct Neat Abstracts of Title at Reasonable Prices

W. H. EBEL, - - - Ada, Ind. Ter.

A Timely Suggestion

To Property Owners and Mortgagees:

Tornadoes and wind-storms have destroyed millions of dollars worth of property. In a few moments the savings of a lifetime disappear. Your property, or that held in trust by you, may at any time be similarly damaged or destroyed. How would you be affected by such a loss? Are you insured? A liberal form of contract protecting you in such an emergency can be had at low rates of premium from

OTIS B. WEAVER,
FIRE INSURANCE AGENT.

HENRY M. FURMAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Will do a general Civil and Criminal Practice.
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GALBRAITH & McKEOWN
LAWYERS
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Ada, Ind. Ter.

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CAMPBELL & TERRELL
Attorneys-at-law
Practice in all Courts
Ada I. T.

CITY BARBER SHOP.

D. A. DORSEY, Prop.
First Class Work (Guaranteed)
Hair Cut 25c, Shave 10c.
South Side Main St., Ada, I. T.

The ladies wonder how Mrs. B. manages to preserve her youthful looks. The secret is she takes Prickly Ash Bitters; it keeps the system in perfect order.

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

Your Patronage Solicited

Moss & Scribner

LEADING GROCERS
Phone 125 Main St

ADA STEAM LAUNDRY CO.

Is given up to be best. Do
Largest Agency Work
of any plant in this Territory.

Reed & Harrison Wholesale and Retail Buggies

The Best Makes, the Lowest Prices

Geo. A. Truitt, Engineer and Land Surveyor

Office Rear Ada National Bank.

Prompt and Careful Attention
Given to All Work
Entrusted.

USE BIG G FOR UNNATURAL
discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not irritating or poisonous. Sold by druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 3 bottles \$2.75. Circular sent on request.

The NICKEL STORE

Look, Read and Investigate in order to make your Dimes and Dollars go the Utmost Limit.

Here is Best Granite Ware. Extra heavy double coated enamel, in the new Mottled Grey, and each and every piece is an exceptional bargain.

Milk pans, 2 qt., 14c; 3 qt., 15c; 4 qt., 20c.
Pudding Pans, 1 and 2 qt. 10c; 3 qt., 15c; 6 qt., 25c.
Water Buckets, 10 qt. 49c; 12 qt., 59c.
Dish Pans, 10 qt., 30c; 14 qt., 39c; 17 qt., 49c.
Lipped Sauce Pans, 1 1/2 qt., 15c; 2 qt., 19c; 4 qt., 25c.
Preserving Kettles, 3 qt., 15c; 4 qt., 20c; 6 qt. 30c; 8 qt., 40c; 10 qt., 50c.
Coffee Pots, 1 1/2 qt., 25c; 2 qt., 35c; 3 qt., 40c.
Water Dippers, 10c and 14c, 15c and 18c.

TINWARE

Everything in Tinware in the same proportion as every thing else. We mention a few of the prices.

Wash Tubs, galvanized iron, No. 1, 50c. No. 2, 60c.
Water Pails, galvanized iron, 10 qt. 15c; 12 qt. 19c.
1X Tin Pails, 10 qt., 20c; 12 qt., 25c.
Large Kitchen Dippers 10c
Black Handled Dippers, 5c.
Tin Cups, 1 pt. and 1 pt., 2 for 5c; 1 qt. and 2 qt., 5c.
Graduated Measures. 1 qt., 5c; 2 qt., 10c.
Retinned Dish Pans, 14 qt. 25c.
Coffee Pots, 1 qt. and 2 qt., 10c
Crank Flour Sifters, 10c.
Wood Rim Sieves, 10c.
Milk Pans, Pudding Pans, Sauce Pans, Stew Kettles, etc., so many different sizes and kinds we will not undertake to describe them. Anything you need in useful Household and Kitchen Utensils.

Bambo Fishing Poles, 10c each, Fish Hooks and Lines to numerous to mention, but we sell them right.

5c Nickel Store.

The 5c and 10c store of Ada, I. T.

S. M. Shaw, Prop

New location on Main street third door west of Rellows corner.

Phone 77.

When Captain Jack Came Home

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

(Copyright, by Joseph R. Bowles.)

Next to the church stood the school-house. Elizabeth sat near me on one of its wooden benches. Sometimes we studied from the same dog-eared spelling book. She was all pink and white, like Mayflowers under the pine needles in spring. Her brown hair curled thick about her shoulders, and her eyes were dark like the sea in a storm. I wasn't ten years old when I fell in love with Elizabeth. My head is white now, but I love her memory still.

Besides keeping the village store, my father made fish lines and sold them at different places along Cape Cod, where, naturally, they were in demand. One day a lot of new scoop bonnets were spread out for sale in our store window, and that same day Capt. Jack Rolfe came home from sea.

Perhaps you don't see the connection between the bonnets and the captain. But my father saw it, when all the marriageable girls in town came hurrying to our store for the latest fashion in scoops.

It was of a Friday, I remember, and the rush for the bonnets continued till the last one was sold. My sister, Lucinda, had the first choice. She took a black and white straw, and loaded it with flowers and ribbons till it looked like nothing earthly.

"When he was last in Manomet," said she, "Jack Rolfe used to see me home regularly from singing school; and when he went away he promised to bring me a present from Greenland."

About noon the door of our store opened again, and a new customer fluttered in. It was Elizabeth, panting hard, and grasping a silver piece in her hand. Father was at dinner, so he sent me behind the counter to serve. Elizabeth and I were of the same age—16—but her shining head stood an inch or two higher than mine.

"Joey," she said, breathlessly, "I want to buy one of the new bonnets." "They're all gone," I answered. "Mother sold the last before the clock struck 12."

Her face fell. "Oh, Joey, are you sure? Haven't you one left?"

I made a pretense of rummaging through the window, though I knew no bonnet was there.

"Mother can't afford me many new things," she explained in a trembling voice, "but this time she said I should, for once, be like the other girls. My old hat is very shabby—not fit for Sunday wear any longer. Oh, I suppose you haven't overlooked one bonnet in some corner, Joey?"

She was awfully disappointed. "Never mind," she tried to say, "thank you, Joey." But she choked up suddenly, and hurried out of the store. I looked through the window, and, as she went down the street, I saw that she was crying. I waited till I heard Cindy rattling the dinner things in the kitchen, and then I sneaked out to her.

"Say, Cindy, what price did father put off them Cape Cod bonnets?"

"A dollar each," said Cindy. "I've got two silver dollars, and some tame rabbits, and an old gun—I'll give the whole business for that coal scuttle of yours, Cindy."

The dish cloth dropped from her hand. "The boy is clean crazy!" said she.

"Oh, come now!" I urged, "you'll never get another offer like it—two dollars in money, and the rabbits, and the gun."

Cindy skipped to a cupboard and, before I was aware, whipped out her new headgear, and plumped it squarely on my shock head, tying the ribbons tight under my chin. I was a brawny, freckled lad, and there was cause, no doubt, for her shrieks of laughter as she danced around me.

"Oh, Joey, you are a show!" she cried. "Would you like to go to church in it Sunday morning? You must have my petticoat, too, and my new mantle, and my turkey tail fan! Father, father!" raising her voice to a terrible pitch, "come quick, and see our Joey!"

This was too much. The kitchen door stood open—with a leap I gained the garden. My first thought was to strike a bee-line for the Miller house and give my prize openly to Elizabeth; but Cindy was close on my heels. As I dodged through the currant bushes and bean poles, and trampled mother's sage bed, I found that pesky girl gaining on me. I tugged at her infernal bonnet, but the ribbons were in a knot and I couldn't loose them.

At the foot of the garden was an old, disused well that father had partly covered. The curb was gone, and the mouth mostly concealed in brushwood. In my haste I forgot the thing, and blundered straight into it. The water was like ice, and I gave a yell as I went down, striking knees and elbows on the mossy stones. Cindy flew for a rope and a pole and fished me out of the well, and when she had taken off the scoop and rolled me on the grass she cuffed me handsomely.

"Hang your bonnet!" said I. "In its present state, Cindy, I wouldn't give more than the gun for it."

Cindy scurried back to the house to dry the scoop, and I was forced to abandon all further attempt to console Elizabeth.

Sunday came. The Manomet meeting house was a sight to behold. All the girls wore the Cape Cod bonnets—all but Elizabeth. She appeared in her old hat, with eyes cast down, as though ashamed of her own shabbiness. But her face was like a white rose, and her brown curls tumbled, thick and fine, about her neck and shoulders. As she slipped into the Miller pew, which was

next father's, Cindy, in a lot of new finery, tittered contemptuously behind a hymn book.

Service began. A tall young fellow entered the church and walked down the aisle, glancing around for a vacant seat.

Now every place was filled, but the Miller pew, and seeing this, the late comer coolly stepped inside it, and seated himself by Elizabeth.

The girls began to stare and whisper, and turn their befuddled and herbiboned heads. Cindy nudged mother, and dropped our Bibles with a disgraceful noise. But Capt. Rolfe seemed unaware of the sensation he was creating. He listened soberly to the minister in the high pulpit, found all the hymns for Elizabeth, and joined his deep bass to her clear treble when the congregation sang. As soon as the benediction was pronounced, I leaned over to speak to the Millers, but Rolfe was ahead of me—he already had Elizabeth by the hand.

"Do you remember the morning I went away?" I heard him ask.

"Yes," answered Elizabeth, and she colored beautifully. "I stood at the gate and waved you good-by as you walked down the street."

"You did!" said he; "and you wished me good luck—you, a little thing, with your curly head hardly above the pickets of the fence! And good luck followed me throughout the voyage. Elizabeth, I think I owe it all to you."

Cindy was bursting with wrath and envy.

"Did you ever see the beat of that?" said she, as we pursued our homeward way together. "And Elizabeth Miller was the only girl in church who didn't wear a new bonnet."

"And who didn't need one," I answered, gloomily. "The rest of you can't hold a tallow dip to Elizabeth."

That night Cindy returned from prayer meeting, and told us that Rolfe had been sitting again in the Miller pew, and that he had gone home through the moonlight with Elizabeth. My heart burned like a hot coal. For hours I tossed sleeplessly, thinking of that whaleman. The next morning he walked into our store, and laid a white beakskin on the counter before Cindy.

"I promised you a present from Greenland, you remember," said he, "and here it is."

I bore my torment for awhile, then I took the old gun that I had offered Cindy as part payment for her bonnet, and started for the beach, where the sea-faring folk were usually to be found.

As I went plunging through the wood, I stumbled against a man who was cutting letters on the trunk of a tree and singing softly to himself as he worked.

"Hello, Joey!" he called, gay as a lark. "Looking for squirrels?"

At once I felt like a fool. I tried to slip the old gun into the bushes.

"Of course," I answered, glibly; "have you seen any hereabouts?"

"No," said the captain. He finished the last letter with a flourish, shut his jackknife and put it in his pocket. I sidled up to the tree, and lo! he had hacked Elizabeth's initials in the green bark.

"Come down to the beach, Joey," said Capt. Jack, "and have a sail with me. There's no wind stirring, but I'll whistle for a capful."

And whistle he did, as we strode down the path—the sweetest, clearest notes I ever heard. And presently something ruffled the water, the little waves began to leap; a cool murmur came up, as it seemed, from the heart of the sea; the captain made the boat ready and we jumped in.

As he trimmed the sail he fell to telling me about his voyages in the South Pacific and the awful white North; of doubling the black precipices of Cape Horn, with floating icebergs threatening the ship on every side. I forgot Elizabeth and the old gun, and when I trudged home my head was full of whaling stations, and blubber, and big fish, and sharp, clincker-built boats, and I acknowledged in my heart that Jack Rolfe was the finest fellow in the world.

But presently the spell which he had thrown upon me passed away, and my jealousy revived. Though I no longer wished to harm the captain, I saw that I must steal a march upon him. At nightfall I went to Elizabeth's house, and found her leaning on the gate. She wore a muslin gown that looked like a white cloud, and some blush roses were dying in her bosom.

"Was it here you stood," I asked, sulkily, "when you wished Capt. Rolfe good luck, as he started on his voyage?"

"Yes, Joey," she answered, in a dreamy voice, "just here."

"Elizabeth," I said, "I want you to promise to marry me when I grow up."

She opened wide her beautiful eyes. "That is a long time ahead, Joey."

"Only five years," I urged. "You and I are of the same age. You ought to be willing to wait for me five years, for I love you tremendously, Elizabeth."

Somebody came up to us on the other side of the gate and, leaning over, put an arm around my companion.

"Here is another person that loves Elizabeth tremendously," said Capt. Rolfe, with laughter in his voice, "and as he is already grown up, she need not wait to marry him, Joey. Ah, my lad, you are too late—Elizabeth is promised to me. But, cheer up! you shall dance at her wedding."

There is no more to tell. He wasn't the man to let grass grow under his shoes. He married Elizabeth, and carried her off to the other side of the world. And the morning they left the village I wished Cindy had never fished me out of the old well. Even to this far day my heart thrills to the name of Elizabeth.

FOR THE CONSUMER.

FACTS OF VITAL INTEREST REGARDING HOME PATRONAGE.

Menace to Local Prosperity in Contributions to Centralized Wealth of Metropolitan Concerns.

Dear Mr. Consumer: What shall it profit you if in saving \$25, \$50, \$100, \$500 on the one hand you injure yourself \$50, \$100, \$200 or \$1,000 on the other?

We are writing to you at this time, says the Retailers' Journal, of Chicago, to say that we believe every dollar you save by buying goods away from home costs you two.

If you are a farmer, did you ever stop to inquire what makes your land valuable? It is not the land itself, nor you; that's certain.

Suppose your land, with all its great natural fertility, and your splendid methods of cultivation, were located in the middle of Texas, with no other cultivated ground and no railroads within hundreds of miles of it.

It wouldn't be worth much, would it?

The sole reason why your land is of more than nominal value is because community has grown up around it.

If you acquired your land years ago when the neighborhood in which you live was sparsely settled, you have had the pleasure of watching it grow in value as the community has grown and prospered.

First came the neighboring farms, then the towns, and finally the railroads, which the towns brought near to your land, all contributing to your's and the general prosperity.

It must be clear to you, in the light of history, that your interests can continue to grow and prosper only if the entire community in which you live shall continue to grow and prosper.

If your community goes backward, you go backward; if its growth and prosperity are retarded, the growth and prosperity of your individual interests are retarded.

How, then, can you expect to advance your interests by taking a pound weight from the prosperity of your community for the sake of a temporary, personal gain in the measure of pennies?

The greatest menace to this country is admitted to be the centralization of wealth, which carries with it, under our present economic system, the tendency to build to tremendous proportions a few chosen communities, at the expense of the many less favored ones.

Yet, let us tell you what you of the smaller communities have done in a single year to hasten forward this tendency, instead of resisting it as might have been expected of you:

In the year 1905, out of the money earned in your communities, and belonging to the commerce and industry of your communities, you contributed to two mail order houses alone, located in the city of Chicago, the stupendous sum of \$80,000,000!

Think of this for a moment, and then consider that it is only the beginning, that dozens of other concerns of the same kind gleaned from the farms and the small communities of the land a golden harvest of a size which only can be guessed at.

Startling when you try to realize it all at once, isn't it?

Contract this tremendous accumulation of your money in a few hands, for the benefit of concerns in which you have no interest, located in communities from whose prosperity you derive only remote benefits, with the commercial conditions in your own community.

The two institutions which absorbed \$80,000,000 of your money in one year, although the largest of their kind in the world, still are reaching their hands for more. One already has expended not less than \$1,000,000 for an immense new building, and the other has bought the site for an additional structure which will cost as much.

If the business of these two giants shows the same percentage of increase during the present year as in 1905, their draft upon the country for the year 1906 will be over \$100,000,000! Will you give it to them?

Superstitions of Farmers.

Farmers "stick to the moon" in regard to planting corn and other crops. Some of them will not under any circumstances plant corn in moonlight nights, claiming that corn planted then will produce a tall stalk with a short ear. Others just as successfully plant when they are ready, when nights are dark or moonlight, as the case may be. Other notions are indulged in, such as throwing the cobs in running water to keep corn from fring. Some farmers would under no consideration burn pinder hulls, the seed of which is to be used for planting; they must be scattered along a path or highway, to be trodden upon in order to secure a good crop. Green butter bean hulls must be thrown in a road after being shelled for table use from day to day to insure a good crop the following season.—Charleston News and Courier

"Hello" Just Grew. Did Edison invent the telephonic "hello"? I doubt the story. To say "hello" is older than the Edisonian hilla. Nothing is more natural than to say "Hello, Tom!" "Hello, Doc!" "Hello, Hank!" "Hello, John!" No one learned it of Edison. Like Topsy, it grew.—N. Y. Press.

In the Usual Way. Friend—Do thoughts that came to you long ago ever return? Scribbler—O, yes—if I inclose a stamped envelope.—Stray Stories.

MURDERERS AMONG BIRDS.

Young Ones Confined in Cage Are Poisoned by the Male Parent.

A gentleman who travels much in Central America tells an interesting story about his experience with tropical birds. To put it in his own words, he says: "In cleaning up the site to build the railroad station at Sonsonate in the republic of El Salvador, I left standing a tree called the tempisque, which was, and is still, the favorite nesting place for several kinds of birds. With the aid of a ladder one day I secured from the nest some young simonses (mocking birds). Fearing that I could not secure the right kind of food for them, I made a rough cage and put them in it. I placed it where the parents of the little captives could take care of their young ones, which they soon did with all the solicitude I expected.

"Excepting the shelter of the wings of their progenitors, and liberty to fly freely in the air, I think they enjoyed every inducement to grow strong and be happy in their comfortable prison. Perhaps the impossibility of getting into the cage made the parent birds more affectionate and assiduous in their visits. When the breeding time arrived, I watched the expectant mother birds gathering feathers, moss and other material with which to build their nests. One of my peons remarked 'Boss, your better bid adieu to your chicks; their daddies are going to get them poison from the brush.' His remarks made me think of what I had read in natural history at school, that when the African swallow emigrates to Europe the invalids and the very young birds which cannot accompany them are poisoned. Still I did not believe that the parents of my young simonses could be so cruel or so wise as to kill my birds. Yet, a few days after, I had the sorrow to find one of my mocking birds stone dead. I took it out and dissected it, hoping to ascertain the nature of the poison. I feared that the peon might be playing a joke on me. I had to abandon the idea when I found in the poor bird's stomach, among other things, a piece of undigested and swollen pink butterfly. All the rest of my prisoners died one after the other, and in the stomach of each I found remains of the swollen pink butterfly. Then I instructed my peons to catch some butterflies, which I fed to the wild mocking birds, and had occasion to observe that they ate them all except the pink ones. These birds were free and wild ones and had an instinctive discretion which made them reject the injurious food. My poor prisoners could not refuse what was put down their throats by their wise parents, who thus brought them poison from the brush."

VALUE OF SNAILS AS FOOD

About 100 Per Cent. More Nutritious Than Oysters, Says Medical Authority.

A dish of snails is hardly ever seen in this country, although in Spain and in France this mollusk is a fairly common article of food among the poor, while it is held in great esteem by the gourmet when it is stewed and garnished with herbs and condiments, says the London Lancet. The suggestion that the snail should form a cheap article of food in this country has been revived and there is nothing to be said against the proposal from a dietetic point of view, for properly cooked, the snail is both nutritious and tasty. If, however, the suggestion were seriously acted upon, we fear that the supply in this country would prove to be short of the demand. But doubtless the small could be cultivated as is the oyster when it was found that it had gained a considerable patronage. The snail has indeed been called "the poor man's oyster," though we do not remember to have seen it eaten raw. We know, however, that it makes an excellent fish sauce and may be used for the same purpose as oyster sauce. Possibly also a few snails in a steak-and-kidney pudding would increase the tastiness of this popular food.

Care must be exercised in the choice of the snail for food purposes, as it is well known that snails feed on poisonous plants, and it is the custom in France to allow a few days to elapse after they have been taken from their feeding ground in order that any poisonous matter may be eliminated. Most of the snails in France used for edible purposes are collected from the vineyards of Burgundy, Champagne and Lorraine, which, we may be sure, afford a perfectly clean feeding ground for the snail considering the care which is taken to protect the vines from disease.

According to analysis, very nearly 90 per cent. of the solid matter of the snail is proteid matter available directly for repairing the tissues of the body. Beside this, there are about six per cent. of fat and four per cent. of mineral matter, including phosphates. Compared with the oyster, this would show that the snail contains about 100 per cent. more nutritious substances. The suggestion, therefore, that the snail should be used for food is not merely sentimental.

"These Presents."

Many people if asked the meaning of the word "presents" in the phrase "by these presents" would be entirely unable to give it. It means "these present words," or "this present document." It was familiar enough formerly. In "Love's Labour's Lost" the king rakes Jaquenetta, "What present hast thou there?"—the "present" being a letter. Bacon writes that Romulus after his death was said to have sent a "present" to the Roman people bidding them devote themselves to arms. Shakespeare even uses "present" to mean money in hand.

More Characteristic. "That millionaire baby up in Fifth avenue can make its first articulate sounds."

"Goo-goo, I suppose?"

"No, dough, dough!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

This morning I called up Alice to have a little chat with her about last night. She was positively chilly over the telephone. She said that Canby had her latchkey in his pocket and, that she stood on the porch ringing the bell 20 minutes before she could rouse anyone. She also said a great deal about feeling ashamed of having to get Mr. Greene up at that unearthly hour. She really seemed to think, I believe, judging from the tone of her voice, that it was all my fault.

It will be just like her to tell Canby about it, too, and I suppose he will think I ought not to have hurried him away. It's absurd for me to be blamed for Canby's forgetfulness, especially when I was trying so hard to do what was right by getting home before father should begin to worry about me. Father is so cross and unreasonable when he is worried.—Chicago Daily News.

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LUCILE'S DIARY.

I think I have more trouble than most girls. I try to be kind and thoughtful for others, but no matter what I do my friends are always getting vexed at me. It's hard to bear, too, when I realize that I put myself out a great deal for people, and more than half the time they don't appreciate it.

Now, there's Alice Maltby, the girl that's visiting Mrs. Greene. I've done a lot to make it pleasant for her. As for her being grateful—well, she's quite the reverse.

I took Canby Fuller to see her and he was really very nice to her for my sake. Canby will do anything I ask him, and when I suggested that he pay her some attention while she was here he said he'd be glad to do so. I told Canby that it was only right to be kind to a homely girl like Alice. I said I thought she was entitled to some pleasure even if she wasn't a beauty. Canby looked rather surprised at this. I suppose he didn't realize that I'd be so thoughtful.

I told him, too, that I intended to show her how to arrange her hair more becomingly, for I thought it was a real pity for her to make herself any less attractive than she really was by wadding her hair into that ugly big knot at the back of her head. He said that was Grecian, and I laughed at him for knowing so little about hairdressing. The funny part of it is that when I offered to show Alice how to do her hair more stylishly she thanked me and said she preferred to continue wearing it in her usual way. Several persons, she said, had assured her that it just suited her classic profile. I wonder if Canby could have told her that awkward bun was Grecian. He may have done it, thinking it would please me, for he knew I wanted him to be kind to her. But I didn't expect him to make silly, flattering speeches like that.

Canby invited Alice and me to go to the theater. That is, he remarked to me that he should like to take us, so I selected a play that I wished very much to see and then rang up Alice and asked her to go with Canby and me. It turned out that she had seen the play in New York in the winter before she came here, but it was the only thing in town that I thought worth while, so I didn't say anything to Canby about her having seen it. Really it was the best thing here, and I new Canby well enough to know that he'd want to take us to the best.

If Alice Maltby was a tactful girl she would not have let Canby know that she had seen the play before. It was very inconsiderate of her when he asked if she knew the story of it to own right up that she had seen it in New York. It would have been much more unselfish of her to evade the subject. I felt sorry for Canby, for he was naturally disappointed. He had thought he was giving her a new pleasure and he knew how anxious I was for him to make her have a good time, so, of course, the poor fellow was quite uncomfortable because he hadn't chosen another play.

He proposed going to supper after the theater and at first Alice didn't want to. She said she wasn't used to going to restaurants at night without a chaperon. I told Canby that I was simply starved and if he didn't wish to take me home in a fainting condition he'd have to give me something to eat. Alice consented then and we had a delicious little supper at one of the nicest places in town. I was so glad to have her see that particular restaurant, for I don't believe she'll have another chance.

It was dreadfully late when we got back to the Greenes', where Alice is staying. I asked Canby to look at his watch just as we were starting up the steps of the house, and when he struck a match and told what time it was I was frightened, because father hates to have me out late at night. Mother told me only last week that he said he wouldn't stand for it, so I warned Canby that we must hurry.

"Don't wait to watch Alice into the house," I said. "She is all right, and if we don't simply fly we'll lose the next car. You don't mind, do you, Alice?"

"No-o-o," she answered, ungraciously. She didn't seem to realize how important it was for me to get home before it was much later.

Canby stood for a second hesitating. Then I turned and ran rapidly down the steps and there was nothing for him to do but follow. He called out: "Good night, I'm awfully sorry, Miss Maltby, to leave you so informally," and then we rushed on to catch the car.

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DOG'S PLACE IN FICTION.

Famous Novelist Who Does Not Conceal His Admiration for Them.

We will venture to own that it was with a sense of something purposely banal in his answer, when the other day we asked a young novelist whether he had ever thought of taking an animal for a hero, and he replied: "Yes, a dog!"

Dogs have been heroes almost from the moment they ceased to be wolves and foxes and turned upon their savage ancestors in defense of their new found human friends, writes W. D. Howells, in Harper's Magazine. There is doubtless something to be said on the side of the wolves and foxes in the matter; one can see how they might well accuse the dogs of race treason; but there is a point of view which no believer in the heroism of dogs will take.

"Allow," we imagine such a one urging "that the wolves and foxes are right in much that they claim. Admit, for the sake of argument, that dogs are filthy brutes, with habits that no wolf or fox would indulge; that they bring squalor into the house, and a bad smell; that they go straight from a perfumed bath, the curled darlings of tender mistresses, and seize the first occasion of rolling in carrion; that they are worse than swinish in their diet if permitted to indulge their preferences; that in guarding the shepherd's flock by night they will sup on the lambs of neighboring folds if opportunity offers; that they are nervous and hysterical, and that they will rouse the household they watch over with a thousand false alarms, and then yield to the first burglar who tempts them with a bit of meat; that knowing the superior intelligence of their own species, they have such a low taste for society that they will rather consort with the stupidest little boy, or the greatest blackguard of a man, or the silliest doll of a woman, than with the best and wisest dog that ever was; that they are vain, jealous, vindictive and cruel; that their peculiarly excitable temperament renders them to the most dreadful of diseases, especially in a state of high domestication, when they go mad and uncontrollably bite their dearest friends who presently expire in inexpressible torment; that in the country they minister mainly to the idleness of man, and in towns are an unmitigated nuisance. But what of all that? Do they not throttle venomous serpents about to bite infants in their cribs and then suffer themselves to be precipitately slain by the rash fathers who mistake the blood of the reptile for that of their offspring? Do they not constantly save children from drowning? Do they not come and notify people that their masters are lying helpless from injury or exhaustion in waste places, and pull at the garments of the incredulous till they go to the rescue?"

It may be confessed that arguments like these leave the wolves and foxes scarcely a leg to stand on, and establish the dog almost unassailably in that quality of hero in which he has yet been adequately, or at least cooperatively, painted. His heroism illustrates a thousand anecdotes and a hundred short stories, but it does not yet illumine a sustained fiction, say, of 120,000 words.

OLD CLOTHES BROUGHT OUT

Cast-Offs That Come to Light and Delight the Heart of the Owner.

"It's an odd circumstance," he remarked, as he whisked himself and critically surveyed himself in the glass preparatory to going out for a nibble at crackers and cheese and a glance at the latest tract, may be, "it's queer, but you'll take off a suit and hang it in the closet forever and a day. You'll vow that you've worn it for the last time. It's shiny in the back and on the seams, and there's a suspicion of fringe at the end of the sleeves and trousers, the collar is grimy and the color is faint in places. For weeks you've been ashamed of that suit, and now you're through with it for keeps."

"What I'm coming at is that 10 or 11 months later, hard pressed for clothing and money, in desperation you'll hunt through that closet and be tickled half to death to come across that same discarded and forgotten suit. It's as bright as a new dollar, it isn't worn, it fits well and you're so proud of it you hate to hide it under an overcoat, even if it is freezing outside. This is one of that kind of suits and I'd like to know what's the matter with it."

"Nothing, as far as I can see," replied the man who had been compelled to listen, "but you must live in a queer house and have a peculiar sort of wife. I've never laid hands on one of my old suits since I was married. My wife gives them away or sells them. If I'm sick in bed two days she gives away my clothes. I see them afterward, of course; keep passing them and repassing them on the streets. Sometimes they startle me and make me wonder if I'm I. I don't know whether the men who are sporting them are deserving pensioners of my wife or not. I hope to goodness that all of them aren't her friends."

Skippers' Town.

Searsport, Me., is a town of many skippers, having been represented on the high seas by 142 captains of full-rigged ships. The year 1835 was the best in her history in this respect, for Searsport then had 77 captains in active service. They were not all residents of the town, but all either lived there or were born there, so that was the place they hailed from.

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